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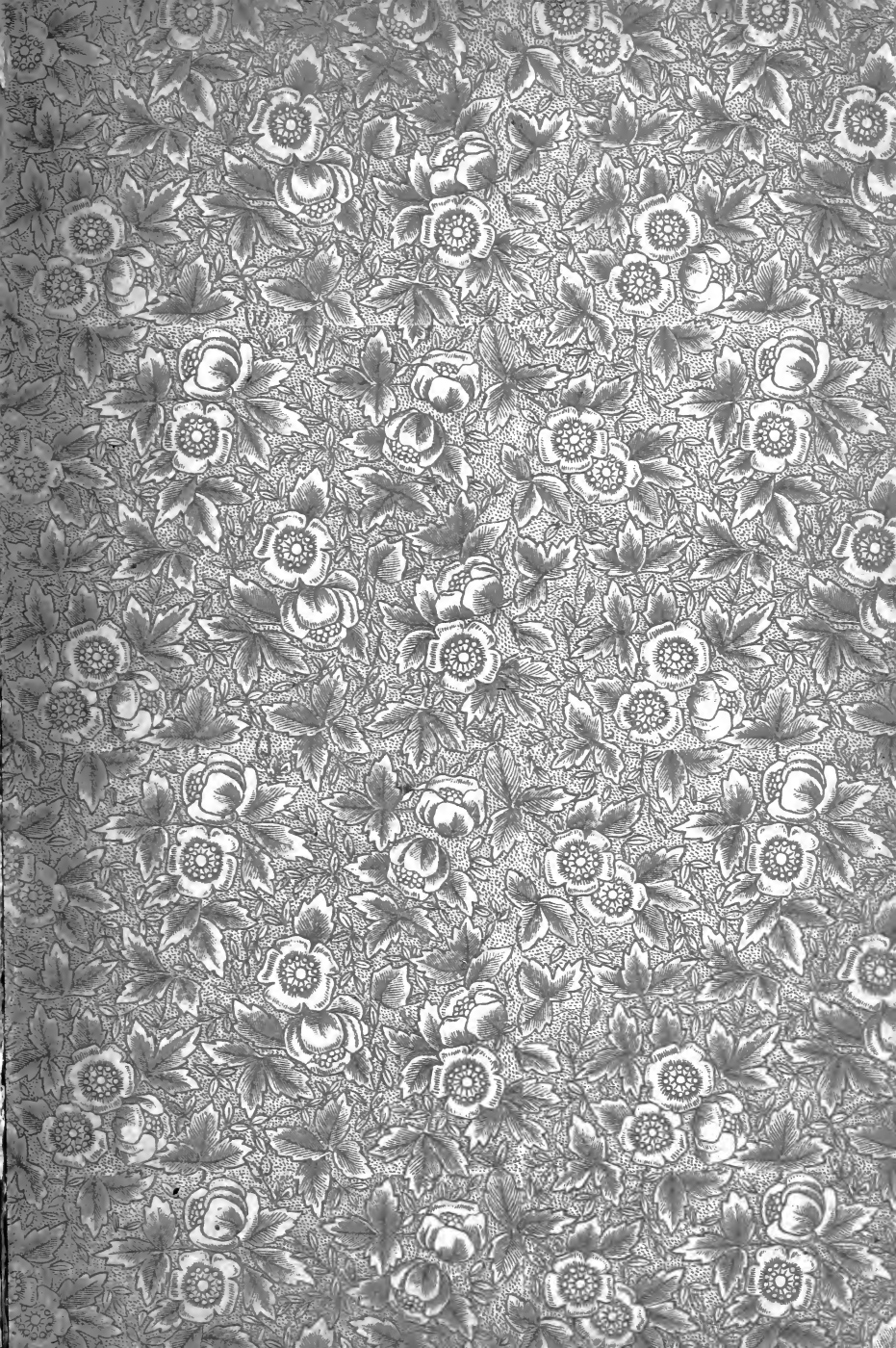


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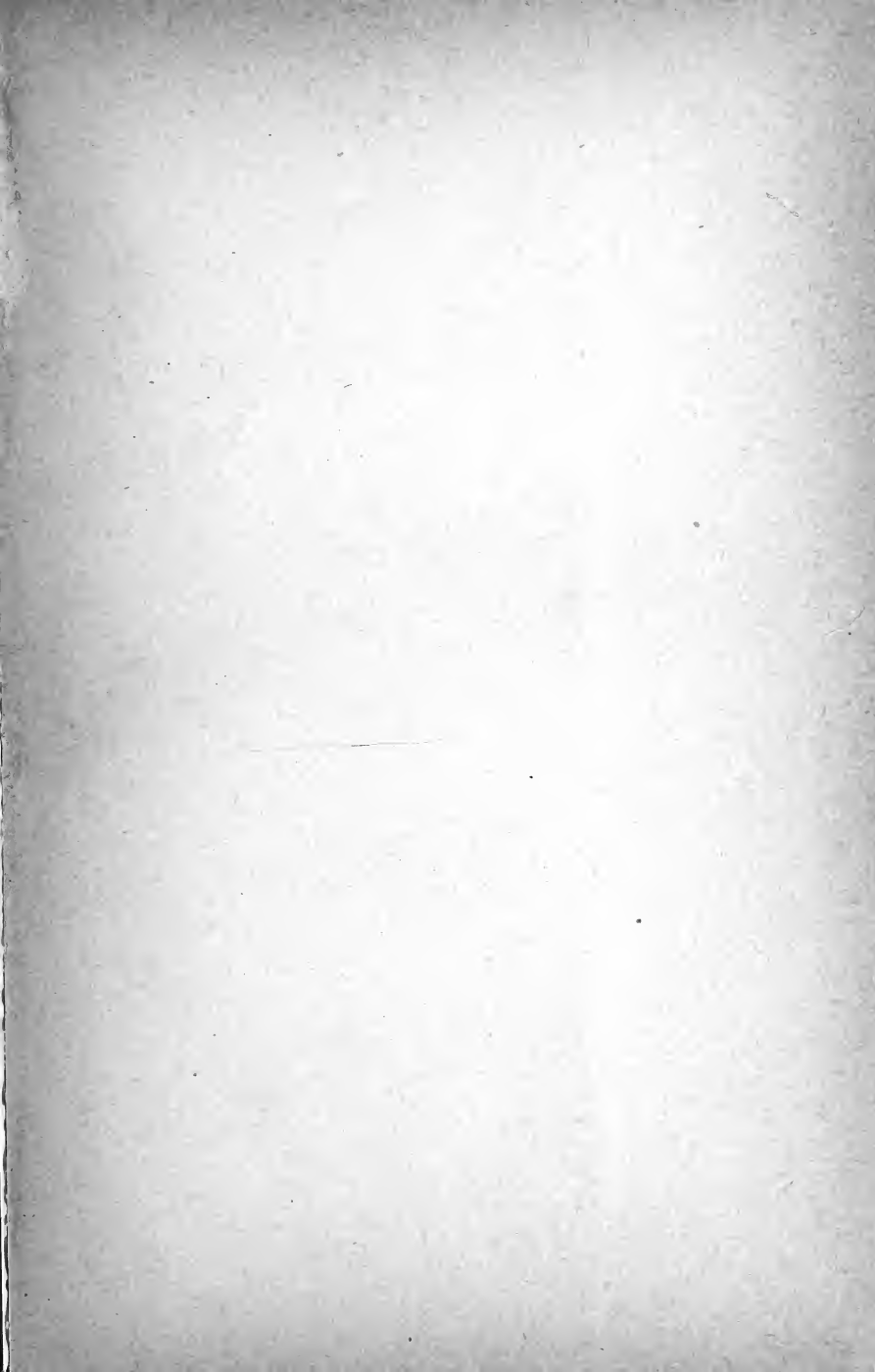
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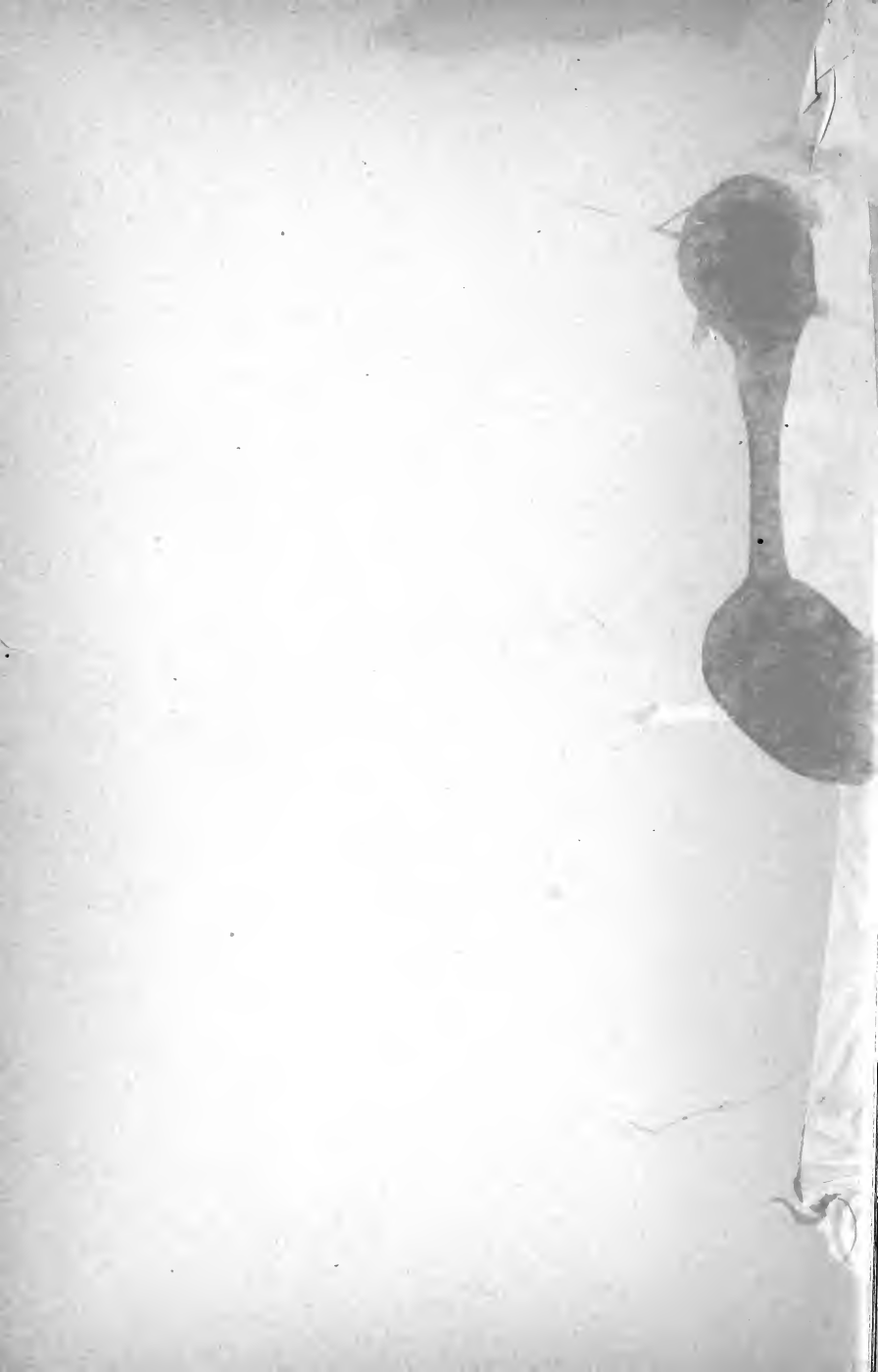
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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL  
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OCTOGENARIAN SCOTCHMAN.

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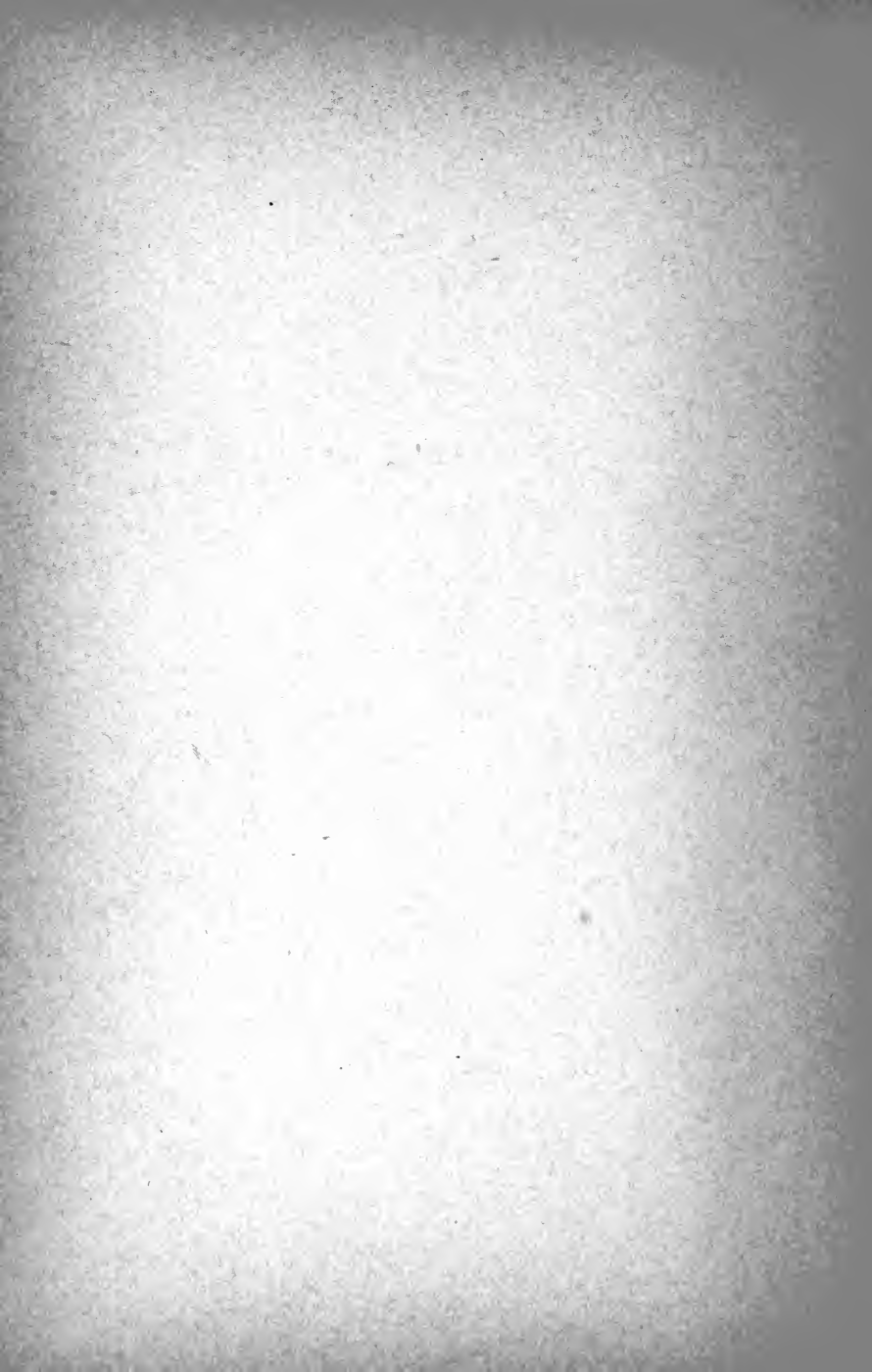
## Dedication.

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I dedicate this little volume to my wife, the mother of my dutiful children, my faithful friend, my able adviser in the critical hour when to save, advice was necessary, the sharer of my joys, and the loving participator in all that tended to darken my existence for upward of half a century. In so doing the author may be allowed to remark that this dangerous venture emanated not from her, but from Margaret, our second child (now no more with us), indorsed by many sincere friends, on the perpetuation of whose kindly feelings I mainly rely.

DAVID JOHNSTON.





## CHAPTER I.

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### INTRODUCTION.

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“Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar,  
Charlie, meet me gin ye daur ;  
It's then I'll shew ye the airt o' war,  
Gin ye meet me here i' th' mornin'.”

*A Challenge of the Eighteenth Century.*

“O THAT mine enemy had written a book,” was the splenetic utterance of one of the olden time. Now, I am by no means certain that I can lay claim to that degree of respectability which entitles one to an enemy. One of the aphorisms of my native land has it: “They are of sma' worth wha' hae nae enemies.” Should I have the honor to possess an enemy, and fail to meet him in the true Caledonian fashion, face to face, and should these reminiscences ever meet his eyes, he may be informed, while he chuckles in his sleeve, that the remains of the dear lady who inspired this weakness lie in Rosehill cemetery, Chicago, Ill. I say and sing:

“Wha kens but this bit humble line  
May kittle up the Sacred Nine  
An’ waukriffe Scottish muse.  
’Tis penned to please my second bairn,  
And tho’ a wee o’er auld tae learn,  
I couldna weel refuse.”

It is now thirty years since Maggie, in her witching way, extracted a promise from me to take such steps as should obviate similar complaints to those which I had often heard urged against the silence of my progenitors, on the passing events of their earlier days.

John Johnston, my father, was born in Tranent, East Lothian in 1741, consequently must have been about four years of age when the last battle but one was fought in Scotland, and that at his parents’ own door. (The defeat of Sir John Cope at the battle of Prestonpans, 1745, by Prince Charles Edward Stuart.) Subsequently, after reading about the wild romantic hiding in the Highlands of Charles Edward Stuart, after the battle of Culloden, among a poverty-stricken people, whose fidelity remained unshaken by the tempting reward of 30,000 pounds for his head—dead or alive—and admiring especially the elevated and romantic character of Flora McDonald, I became inordinately inquisitive concerning all the events of that troublous period of our history, and consequently troublesome to the easy-going democratic old gentleman, who cared but little who was king. I used to lay siege to him in this way, to get anything out of him :

“Faither, hoo auld was I when I had the measles?”

“Four years auld.”

“D’ye remember your carryin’ me oot to see Lord Elcho’s funeral?”

"I do, my callant, but I'm sure ye ken but little aboot that ; you were ower young."

"Young as I was, faither, I counted seventy-two carriages that followed the hearse, that hearse having 'Memento Mori' in gold letters on its side."

"Weel, what of that, Dauvid? I'm sure it would be far more profitable for you tae turn your attention tae the principles of fermentation, by whilk we can turn the guid gifts o' the Almighty tae the best advantage by making breed fit tae pit intae the stamach, instead o' wasting your time and troubling your head aboot wha shall govern th' kingdoms three."

"But, faither, I only want to ken what ye saw, what ye heard, and what ye remember of the bloody work done around your ain faither's door in the rising of 1745, which nowadays is in everybody's mouth, and you are the only Tranent man in the Nungate that kens onything aboot it."

"Weel, Dauvid, if I should relate to you a' I saw, heard and remember of that tuilzie, will ye promise never to trouble me ony mair aboot wha sits on the throne, or wha aspires tae that uneasy seat? I'll just dae what I can tae please ye."

"Thank ye, faither, but would ye have ony objections tae a few o' ma frien's being present tae hear ye?"

"Your frien's! Wha are they?"

"Weel, Johnny Tamson, Willie McKay, Jock Purvis, Peter Elder, Jamie Shaw, Sandy Howden and —— 'Stop!' said my father. 'In the name of the auld kirk, when are ye coming tae the end o' your list o' frien's? And hoo did ye acquire them, Dauvid?'"

The first half of the above question was answered

by my stating that the largest number had yet to be named. To the other half—they had lent me books.

. . . . .

Some score of neighbors, at the given hour, were seated in front of a cheerful fire of Pencaithland coal, all eager to hear an eye and ear witness of the horrors of civil war in its wild ravages on the peaceful plains of Lothian. My mother seemed to betray a little uneasiness, caused by my oversight in failing to consult her domestic convenience for so many neighbors at a time, and next day advised me "never tae invite ony mair folk than ye hae chairs or cutty stools tae seat them on." But it is wonderful what a thrifty housewife can do to restore order out of chaos, and to create happiness with limited means. It was given out that an interesting account of the way in which the Kilties handled their broadswords in support of Prince Charlie on that day, whereon the good and pious Colonel Gardner fell close to his own estate at Prestonpans would be given in my faither's house.

My father had just set his sponge for the morn's batch, when coming ben, and greeting his neighbors present, I thought I could detect in his placid countenance something akin to surprise at the extent of his youngest son's list of acquaintances.

Indeed, I overheard a remark made (*sotto voce*) to my mother, never intended for my ear:

"Peggy, whatever may betide that daft callant of ours through life, he will never lack friends. God save us! he makes them by the baker's dozen."

What the dear old soul told us that night will be food for another chapter.

It might be well to remark here, that the invited guests came not alone. Willie Shaw, the tailor, must needs bring Jock Samson, the flesher, and his son-in-law, Tam Gourlay, the latter being tift at not being specially invited. Jock Purvis, the blacksmith, brought Jock Wilson, the cairtwright, and douce John Aitchison, the weaver. Poor Johnny Goodale, who was shortly after that date found perished under the snow near Grantsbraes, brought his boon crony o'er a taste o' the aquavitæ. Robie Murray, the baker, and Sandy Howden, the brewer—in short, all the Nungate was there to listen to a description of the battle of Prestonpans by an eye witness in the fourth year of his age. My mother, one of the best of housekeepers, was evidently disconcerted at the crowd of unexpected visitors, and I burned for very shame at being the sole cause of her perturbation, and often subsequently marveled at my escape of merited punishment; but I have sometimes thought that I stand indebted for impunity to a wee bit touch of the dear old gentleman's pride. Lest the reader should be at a loss to account for such interest called into play by the mere whim of a daft callant, he is reminded that in those days intercommunication was very limited, and the popular thirst for knowledge must have been increased from the very lack of these facilities which bless the present age. It is true that the massive brain of James Watt had matured into practical utility, but the greatest benefits arising from the potency of steam were reserved for a later and a happier epoch. Also true the active mind of Stephenson was ripening into that state of perfection which would enable him to bless the world with

his revolutionizing locomotive, but failed as yet to conceive of a vessel with capacity to carry fuel enough to steam her across the Atlantic. True that Franklin had caught the electric spark, and trimmed his press so as to pave the way for these delightful literary advantages we are now enjoying. I am led to believe that the comparison of the past and present periods will serve to account for the credulity of the former, as manifested on that domestic occasion.



## CHAPTER II.

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“Honor thy Father and thy Mother.”

ALL, except my father, were eager for the recital, whose seat was evidently one of thorns. Even the cutty stool whereon I sat was anything but easy. My father's furtive glances brought home the painful consciousness of being the author of this dilemma, and made me regret the part I had taken in betraying his retiring, taciturn nature into a hasty promise, leading to such a painful scrape. However, the evening's entertainment went off with *eclat* to the speaker, and with delight to the audience (my mother not excepted). As for the guilty plotter of this drama, he was perfectly carried away. On the following day I put my foot in it again. Molding the batch placed beyond the reach of the third ear, and intending to be complimentary, I ventured a criticism on his narrative of the battle of Prestonpans as being second-handed.

“Second-handed! You young scapegrace, what do you mean by such a term applied to me?”

“Weel, faither, pardon me for the use of the wrong word. I was gaen to say that remembering but little yersel, you took up the thread of others and handled it grandly.”

“Tuts, callant, for guid sake haud the tongue o' ye, and try and chaff thae baps a wee bit better than ye're

daeing." After a long pause he added, "So you think they were pleased, Dauvid, wi' what I tell't them?"

"Pleased, father? They were delighted."

"Weel, say nae mair aboot it, and if you should ever haver me into sic a position as that the second time it will be my fault, that's all."

It was clear that whatsoever the gratification the narrative of the previous evening imparted to the hearers, it was anything but pleasurable to the narrator. Indeed it was foreign to his nature, for I never knew him to patiently sit out a lengthy discourse of any kind—not even a good sermon preached by his favorite, Dr. Sibbald, of Christ-like memory; but he had given his word, and John Johnston's word was John Johnston's bond. He commenced by apologizing for his lack of memory, saying, "that for the little that I do know of the great battle I am beholden to others, especially to my father, Alexander Johnston, who remembered the rising of 1715 as well as that of '45, and who farmed a few acres of McCaddel of Cockenzie adjoining the low land whereon the battle of Prestonpans was lost and won. Also to my elder brother Alexander, who died in 1755, and who, accompanied by John Glen, his cousin, started on horseback for Edinburgh on the morning of the battle, little dreaming that the hostile armies would so soon meet, and strew their peaceful fields with the dead and the dying. Their business in Edinburgh over, the two young men prepared to take the road home, but were advised to remain in the city till morning, as the road would be full of stragglers dangerous to travelers. Apprehensive of danger at home the two young men dared that of

the ten miles of road that lay between them and Tranent, and took the saddle. They met groups of wild-looking men, speaking a language they could not understand, some of whom were laden down with what they supposed to be the spoils of battle. They were joyful and peaceable, but much fatigued, yet the appearance of drunkenness was nowhere to be seen among them. Ascending the rising ground whereon the Prince and his army had bivouacked on the previous night, and arriving at the entrance of a steep lane called Birsley Brae, which leads down to the valley, the chosen position of Sir John Cope, and within sight of their respective homes, they congratulated themselves on getting back safe to their own native Tranent. In the uncertain light of the gloaming three men in the Highland garb appeared in front of their horses, saluting civilly in broken English the two riders, 'Shentlemen, we stand in need of three horses to carry us to Holyrood Palace. Please dismount, quickly. Being tired in pursuing those runaway red-coats we'll have to ride slow, and if you like to walk in our company, you can have your horses at the Canongate of Edinburgh, and all charges will be duly met at the Commissary Department of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, Commander-in-chief of the forces of his Majesty, by the grace of God King of England, Scotland and Ireland, in whose royal service we have the honor to be." In war circumlocution is shelved, and there being no alternative the riders took the pedestrian mode of locomotion, and vice versaed with the trio, for the third kilty seated himself on the crupper of the stoutest horse. Descending the hill to Musselburgh Links, they found the highroad

obstructed by a large crowd, assembled to have a view of the prince, who, at Pinkie House, was preparing to hold his levee at Holyrood Palace. Many of the sight-seers were mounted, and now was the chance for a third horse, to appropriate which was but the work of a few minutes. A sturdy farmer from Dalkeith was selected for the honor of not gazing on the Prince, for which purpose he had ridden six miles, but serving the king by walking six miles at the heels of his own horse with the somewhat distant prospect of being remunerated out of a depleted exchequer. But "needs must when the Devil drives," and glittering claymores are potent in argument with the unarmed. Dismounting at the Watergate, the spokesman of the trio, who had it all their own way, thanked the trio who had nothing to say in the premises, and with a bow à la militaire, wished them good-night and pleasant dreams, without even a 'deoch au dorais' to cheer their weary retracing steps. My brother said that a peep into the Canongate was enough of Edinburgh that night. The result of the battle made all within its walls a perfect Pandemonium. While the Whigs hid their devoted heads the Tories were correspondingly uproarious, being, of course, joined by the Go-betweens, the largest class of the three.

Great was the anxiety at home on account of the long, mysterious absence of the boys, and great was the joy over their midnight return. My father, who was tender hearted, could never be induced to dwell upon the scenes he and all the neighbors witnessed on the following day, and he said, "I am sure ye wudna' like to hear them yersels, and what the laddie can mean by

belittling his faither by fleetching him to blather before his betters, I am at a loss to discover. Of course, ye dinna want me to follow that handsome, brainless chevalier out of our ain Lothians, or tell you how he frittered away his time and advantages in practicing kingcraft in the seat of his ancestors; how, having a' the help that Scotland could gie him, he took his wild Highlanders across the border and penetrated England as far as the toon o' Derby; how, at the council o' war held there, he like a' the rest o' his daft family, confounding reckless bravery with the quality o' prudence, voted in opposition to a' his officers, and would insist upon marching south and with his inadequate force taking London; how on their way back to the north, they met with reverses in Cumberland and finally met the Duke of Cumberland on the fatal field of Culloden, who with one fell swoop crushed the futile attempt to regain that power over the United Kingdom which was so justly forfeited by the Stuart-like conduct of his bigoted progenitor, James II of England, VII of Scotland."

Of the four specimens of that unhappy race as kings, we, as Scotchmen, have very little to be proud. From all repetition of such government; may the Lord deliver us!

Their predecessors, the Tudors, were tyrants, but there was dignity in their tyranny. The low, shuffling cunning of James I, who confounded his flippant controversial capacity with the quality of wisdom, compared unfavorably with the deceased Elizabeth. Of the baneful effect of their misrule poor auld Scotland came in for more than her share, and the bare remembrance of having furnished the raw material brings the blush of shame to the cheeks of a Scotchman.

## CHAPTER III.

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“Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle.”—*Goldsmith*.

THE night on which my father related his four-year-old experience to my particular friends in the Nungate, the flames of Moscow were proclaiming to a silly world the folly of war. Something must be said of my beloved parent during the sixty-nine years that intervened between the battle of Prestonpans and the terrible destruction of the Russian sacred capital. The theme is intoxicating, and in order to be brief I must curb my pen. Seven years of his valuable life were spent in acquiring a knowledge of a business (that of baker), which as many months would have sufficed to impart. In manufacturing the staff of life, the nearer he comes to the auld wife, the better the baker. Getting into business in his native town, he married Isabella Hay, by whom he had two sons and two daughters. Looking on the profession of arms as a species of insanity, he was painfully mortified by his oldest son John's enlisting in the Royal Artillery, and after a year of soldiers' life in garrison at Woolwich becoming so enamored of the calling, that he resolved to induce his brother Alexander to follow his example. He had no difficulty in obtaining a furlough for that purpose, for

the brothers were valuable recruits, John six feet one inch and a half, Aleck six feet one-half inch, proportionately made, and twelve feet two inches of good stuff to be shot at for the honor of the king was not to be overlooked at the rate of twice thirteen pence a day.

“War is a game which, were their subjects wise,  
Kings would se’ldom play at.”

But to return to my father. Being well respected he prospered in business, and in the course of a few years realized the wherewithal to build three stone houses on a piece of land which was, before the houses were finished, found to have been sold on a false title. Litigation ensued, and was carried on to the total ruin of his position in Tranent. In the true Johnstonian spirit he could not brook the atmosphere of his failure, and penniless he came to Haddington to begin the world anew. Not being privileged to the royal burgh, he commenced in business just outside the red tape boundaries, in the Nungate, making himself thirle to the town mills for his weekly grist, and paying custom for every basket of bread he sent into the town. Thanks to the spirit of progression, those imposts are now matters of history.

The love of country is so strong within me that I feel tempted to venture a verse in praise of my beloved Haddington.

Then patience, freens, while yet I sing  
O’ Lothian’s bonny Eastern wing  
An’ o’ its toons the chief—  
Whene’er the thocht comes in ma’ pow  
It sets my auld heart in a lowe  
The *name* o’ ’t brings relief !



Sin' that day first I ga'ed my lane  
Or lap frae aff the custom stane,

Has ne'er yet met my ee,  
'Mang a' the busy haunts o' men,  
A bonnier toon than Haddington  
On either side the sea !

'Twas here where first I drew my breath  
And closed my parents' een in death,  
And laid them 'neath the stane,  
Near by the Lamp o' Lothian's porch  
Which proved in ancient times a torch  
Tae Burgher, Hind and Thane.

The bleaching field, alluvial haugh,  
Fringed wi' birks an' siller saugh  
In undulating line,  
Where far removed frae vulgar gaze  
The bonny lasses bleach their claes  
Knee deep in crystal Tyne.

Nae wonder Scotland's saintly King,  
Indulging in his priestly whim,  
Sent Royalty tae the wa',  
And flew tae Tyne's sweet lovely banks  
To shrive, and offer up his thanks,  
And meditate the law.

By Amesfield's slopes and Steinston brae  
The Royal poet lo'ed to stray  
Tae 'scape the world's din,  
In contemplative soul elate  
He fed the Kirk and starved the State  
Unconscious o' his sin.

Oh Tyne ! across thy lovely wave  
The quoin and sacred architrave  
Their shadows deep he threw.  
Where now, alas ! those stately towers,  
Cloistered maze, and shady bowers  
Sae glorious tae the view ?

The Abbey village, and the mill,  
The classic mind with dolor fill,  
And sorrowful emotion,  
In pointing out the lowly plain  
Where David reared this sacred fane  
In sanctified devotion.

My father was thus left, not only penniless, but wifeless, childless, and landless. He lost his excellent wife by death, his sons by enlistment, his daughters by marriage, his land by fraud, and his pennies by litigation. To counteract his penury, he brought with him good health, an indomitable spirit, a good conscience, and a physical personal aspect not easily matched.

A young English traveler came along and touched a chord in a hidden part of Janet, his eldest daughter, which led to an interesting correspondence ending in the Scotch lassie becoming an English wife. The happy pair took up their residence near Tunbridge Wells, but whether she became thereby a Kentish woman, or a woman of Kent, I never could determine. She lived to be the mother of a large family, whom I visited in 1834.

David Davidson, of the Commissary Department, of the Royal Artillery, laid siege to the hand of Margaret the youngest child, who was deemed, from her personal appearance, the belle of Tranent. The siege was crowned with success. A family sprang from this union of three sons and five daughters. The eldest son, Samuel, took up his abode as a banker in Kirkcaldy; David was drowned off Peterhead; the third son, Alexander, clerked in his father's office. The girls were all well married in Leith; the eldest to Mr. Her-

vey, the eminent lawyer in that town. Society in the Nungate was anything but pretentious, and John Johnston soon became a respected integer of it.

Dr. Maitland deservedly stood at the top, but there were those who in point of general information were pretty nearly equal to the Doctor; prominent among whom was 'Squire Nisbet ('Squire by courtesy), the fruit grower at whose house the elite of the village sometimes held their meetings, and at which my father became a frequent visitor. Mrs. Nisbet had been dead some years, leaving two daughters to preside over the 'Squire's hospitable hearth—Mary, the eldest, already betrothed to Robert Allen, the oatmeal miller, and Margaret, of whom it was hinted, "she might dae waur than cast her een toward the tall widower frae Tranent." Gossip seldom errs in these matters; nor was she wrong in this instance. Conforming to all the rules of immaculate society, Peggy Nisbet in due time became Mrs. John Johnston. This marriage was solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Sibbald, of the Established Kirk (notwithstanding the Nisbets were all Episcopalians), in 1798. Two sons and two daughters were given them, Margaret (who died young), in 1799; James, in 1801; my unworthy self, on March 22d, 1803, and Elizabeth in 1805. 'Squire James Nisbet had a brother George, who had been many years Land Steward with General Wheatly, of Lesney Park, Erith, Kent, one of Queen Charlotte's Equerries.

George had been many years a childless widower, his domestic affairs being managed by his only sister, Margaret, who was found one morning in the adjoining wood of Lesney all but dead from bruises on her head and face, inflicted by a blunt instrument.

The crime was clearly traced, both by evidence and confession, to James Morgan, a brick-maker in Erith, who died the death of the malefactor at the county town, Maidstone. The old lady, by dint of her fine constitution, survived that dreadful treatment for many years. The first time I gazed upon the distorted, emaciated countenance of that poor old lady, I marveled at her tenacity of life.

That day she declared to me that the most painful scene of the tragedy was giving her compulsory evidence at Maidstone, which sent a fellow-creature to the gallows. She survived this tragedy many years, and died upwards of ninety years of age.

## CHAPTER IV.

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“What’s in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.”

THE effect of this dreadful event told fearfully on the mind of Mr. Nisbet, who in a short time evinced symptoms of mental derangement. In his lucid moments he would lament the loss of his sister’s companionable qualities, and crave for that society which his local position denied. In that spirit, he wrote to his niece (my mother) begging of her and my father to part with one of their boys, to effect which he held out the most tempting inducements in the way of education, the disposal of his property, and so forth. The prospective advantages of this proposition my parents were in no position to resist.

On the vote of the two youngers being canvassed on the subject I leapt to it with alacrity, viewing the whole thing as a Godsend-opening to my roving disposition. Jamie, on the contrary, gave no signs of a desire to leave home. My heart leapt for joy that I should shortly see the great city of London, see England, and ride to school on a pony.

Necessary arrangements were completed to the satisfaction of all parties, and the day appointed whereon my father was to carry me to Leith on the “Good Intent” coach, and to put me on board of a smack for

London, when lo! a brief note from Lesney, couched in the following terms:

LESNEY PARK, COUNTY KENT, May 10, 1809.

*My Dear Niece:*

I hope you will pardon my absentmindedness. I find that in our correspondence I have overlooked that which I deem a very important matter. I have traveled back in the pedigree of the Nisbets for the last two hundred years and fail to find a David in the list. Taking for granted that your eldest son takes his name from my brother, I should esteem it a favor if you would send James instead of David, without any disparagement to the latter.

From your affectionate Uncle,

GEO. NISBET.

Thus were all my aspirations for the future nipped in the bud, for when was ever the rich man's request denied by the poor? My brother reluctantly assumed the position intended for me, and I, with a bad grace, undertook to fill his shoes at home.

The great poet asks, "What's in a name?" My answer, if it could find expression, would be, "A young ambition crushed." At Lesney, for five years, everything went on satisfactorily till the 8th of January, 1815. The very day on which the battle of New Orleans was fought, George Nisbet, in a fit of insanity, ended his days by suicide. Nothing now left at Lesney of an inviting nature, James resolved to return to the home of his fathers. During that short period many important events had transpired. After his unfortunate campaign in Russia, Napoleon had resigned his power over France at Fontainebleau, and agreed with the Allied Powers to content himself with the title of ex-emperor in the isle of Elba, where he remained till the commencement of the Hundred Days, February

12, 1814, which added one hundred million pounds to the national debt of England, a sum rendered insignificant by the result of Waterloo. During these hundred days our little town was the scene of great bustle and confusion. In addition to the regular barracks for infantry, cavalry and artillery, scarcely a day passed without soldiers being billeted on the inhabitants and regiments passing on their way to the seaboard, all eager to embark for the continent to meet the great hero in the coming fight. Then there was the local volunteer army, the yeomanry and militia, besides several recruiting parties picking up the unwary stalwarts with the tempting "Geordies" peeping through the meshes of the silken purse. Forty pounds were given to any man who would leave the local and join the regulars. The well known warlike aphorism, ascribed to Sir Robert Peel, "That to preserve peace, a nation must ever be ready for war," is evidently an outgrowth of England's immemorial practice and policy. At what period of her history, it may be asked, has she ever been caught napping? Never has there been a period in which her eternal vigilance has been so severely tested as at the time of which I speak. An apprehension that Napoleon would by some means obtain a footing and make England the theatre of war was extensively entertained, and for once the people and the government united in straining every nerve in order to obviate such a calamity. Napoleon's breach of parole at Elba, his landing in France, his reception at Lyons, the conduct of Marshal Ney, embracing the man whom he was intrusted with an army to oppose, and his triumphant approach to Paris, all tended to strengthen the dreaded idea.



So closed the memorable year of 1814, nor was the situation improved by the defeat of the English army under Pakenham on the threshold of the new year, 1815, by the youthful arms of America under Jackson. Napoleon was received in Paris with open arms and with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" He reviewed his army at the Tuileries, announced the return of the empress, and prepared to meet the approaching allied army. For that purpose he left Paris on the 12th of June, and on the 14th and 16th fought the battles of Fleury and Ligny with doubtful success. On the 18th the famous battle of Waterloo was fought. The brunt of the struggle was borne by the English under Wellington, which was rendered decisive by the timely arrival of the Prussians under Blucher. It has been computed that the French lost 50,000 men in the three days' fight. Napoleon returned to Paris and abdicated in favor of his son, then gave himself up to the English at Rochefort. The allies consigned the great chieftain to eke out the remnant of his days on the barren rock of St. Helena, where he died on the 5th of May, 1821. Thus fell the man whose towering ambition and military talent brought the civilized world within his own personal keeping, and doubtless, if the humiliation of his fall proved proportionate to his former greatness, his mental suffering must have shortened his life.

## CHAPTER V.

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“Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !  
Sweet’ner of life, and solder of society !  
I owe thee much !”—*Blair*.

AT this momentous period our little community seemed to lose all its wonted simplicity. Instead of that quiet, social kindness which characterized the inhabitants of this fruitful valley in my early day, there sprang up a restless desire to get speedily rich. The inflated price of the bountiful products of the rich surrounding fields had the baneful effect of fostering the change. The hideous deformity of war is oftentimes eclipsed by the spirit of selfishness. Still, bad as war is, it sometimes presents a whimsical phase, as in the case of Jamie Nicol. Jamie, though a carpenter and maker of the best saddle-tree in all that equestrian country, was not overladen with brains. Jamie had heard the good King George III panegyricized at the cross of the royal and loyal burgh of Haddington by the magistrates on the 4th of June, the birthday of that king of pious memory, which use and wont had molded into a duty. To witness this annual solemnity the lieges were duly summoned by the town band, consisting of bagpipes and a drum. Jamie never failed of this annual treat of seeing the wine when it was red gurgling down the throats of the chosen few to the health of the great

king, and the eloquence of this occasion aroused his patriotic feelings to such a degree that he became military mad on the spot.

“Nae doot,” said Jamie, “but the guid king’s illness is a’ owing tae sae mony o’ his folk being just like masel’,” and added: “Frae this time forth I’ll serve my king and country.” But it was well known among his neighbors that Jamie, like his namesake king of old, preferred the sword in the scabbard to the same weapon drawn, and this was made manifest by his enlisting in the local militia, whose ready commissary rigged him up in such a way as to “scare his auld mither nearly oot o’ her wits” when he “cam hame tae his four hours.” The gibes of his risible friends were chiefly at the expense of the unknown tailor who made his red coat. Jamie’s military career was abbreviated by a serio-comic incident. He appeared, as instructed, to drill on the Haugh nearly opposite to his own cottage, the Tyne, which is deep at that part, running between. In military parlance, the place for raw recruits is the awkward squad, the drilling of which fell to Peter Faulkener, an old soldier of the American war, and an old rival of Jamie in business, nicknamed “The Pack,” from his having, a few years before, sold portable goods round the country. Jamie was greatly mortified at the fact of being under the control of a man he utterly despised, and, on imparting the news to his mother, she trembled in the fear of a collision. On the second day’s drill Jamie had forgotten part of his previous day’s instruction, and the small cane of Peter came in contact with Jamie’s knuckles. “Damn ye, sir!” said Jamie, throwing down his musket; “dae ye think I could pit up wi’

sic an insult at the hands o' 'The Pack?' " and leaped into the river, swam across, and like a drookit crow astonished the auld body just as she was preparing the tatties an' the herrin' for dinner. The corporal's guard detailed to apprehend the deserter having to take the bridge, gave the fugitive time to prepare for a siege. They found the old lady in tears and the invisible delinquent fortifying his stronghold inside of his shop. The officer in command demanded Jamie's surrender "in the king's name," but found him proof to all entreaties. At length when they threatened to tear down the building, his mother, knowing his passion for flowers, spoke to him through the keyhole, thus: "My man, Jamie, come awa oot. 'Gin ye stay there thae sodger bodies wull pu' doon the hoose, an' a' thae bonny floor-beds that ye hae ta'en sae muckle pains wi' will be trampit on by their unhallowit feet. Come oot, ma dear Jamie, for your mither's sake. They daur na' harm a hair o' yer h'eid." This proved the successful battering-ram against Jamie's castle, and out came the garrison, placing itself at the mercy of the conquerors, and never were conquerors more merciful. Most of the officers of the local militia were gentlemen of the neighborhood who had been beholden to Jamie for an easy seat in the saddle in hunting.

Jamie was discharged from his Majesty's service with the letter "D" attached to the document of his release, which deprived him of the privilege of doing business in any corporate burgh of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which he laughed at, as the Nungate was field enough for him, particularly as the renowned reformer John Knox was born in the

Giffordgate, within a few doors of his mother's cottage ; and that, with plenty of flowers, was glory enough for Jamie.

When my brother arrived he was fourteen, and in order to retain fifteen pounds per annum in the family, which, in addition to a handsome legacy was left by the will of Mr. Nisbet as what was termed an apprentice fee for seven years, Jamie was bound to our father for that term. I soon found that, being the stronger of the two boys, and there not being work enough for both, I expressed a wish to work in Edinburgh. My dear father was loth to part with me, and procrastinated for eighteen months ; at length, when I arrived at my fourteenth year, I desired to leave more emphatically, and steps were taken to comply with my request. George More, of South Richmond street, Edinburgh, was a second cousin of my mother's, with whom (Mr. M.) I was bound for two years. Now, there never was in the galleys, nor in the West Indies, in the palmiest days of human slavery, a human being so infamously treated as was the Edinburgh journeyman baker of that day. Nor was Mr. More any more cruel than his fellow tradesmen. It was simply fashionable to ostracise the class, and I had to share the consequences. My father walked (as was his wont) into town just as I had finished the first year of my apprenticeship, and I can never forget the aspect of that tall, handsome figure gazing with astonishment down on his poor, crippled, stunted, emaciated offspring. That was the closing scene of my apprenticeship. That year's work made me the dwarf of a shapely family. Pride, with twelve months' manipulation, assisted in half straightening my

fivey limbs, so that in time I escaped the finger of scorn pointed by my old schoolfellows at my ungainly shape. The reader may be informed that the principal cause of this distorting influence was (I speak of the past) to be found in the mode of carrying the bread to the customers, which was in oblong boards bound with iron, so dangerous to pedestrians that a fine was imposed on any one so laden using the foot sidewalk. Several events of importance transpired during 1817. The return of the 42d regiment from Waterloo, their entrance into the capital of their country after two years' detention in England, to be reviewed by the Prince Regent, was an ovation to be remembered: the exposure of the Regalia of Scotland, which had been by consent concealed from the public view since the union of the two kingdoms up to this date; the laying of the foundation of the Regent Bridge by Prince Leopold; the building of the new jail on Calton Hill, and the death of Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV, and his ill-used Queen Caroline. The death of this princess caused a deep and lasting melancholy to the English people, by whom she was beloved dearly. She was married to Prince Leopold, who became afterward King of Belgium and subsequently married a daughter of Louis Philippe of France.

## CHAPTER VI.

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“Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us  
Tae see oursels as ithers see us.”

MY love of home, placed in juxtaposition with my restless desire to leave it, would appear to those unacquainted with the character of the Scottish people to savor of inconsistency. The migratory spirit of the Scotch is not altogether an optional matter with the individual. There is a sentiment pervading the home atmosphere which largely tends to prompt or interfere with his initiatory steps on the threshold of life, which is more powerful than his own will. A boy can bravely stand the buffets of a cold outside world, but to be twitted by his schoolmates with being “tied to his mither’s apron-strings” is more than he can bear. During the harvest of 1817 I assisted Mr. Bryson of Aberlady, and while there it was discovered that the symptoms of a fatal disease were sapping the foundations of my brother’s health, which Dr. Maitland declared to be a virulent type of consumption, of which he died in November of that year. Notwithstanding the death of my brother, an evil which clearly made it my duty to stay and assist my parents, I blush to say that previous to leaving Aberlady I had engaged to work for Andrew Robertson, of Portobello, which engagement nothing could dissuade me from fulfilling—

conduct which I never can think of without pain. My father pardoned this hardheartedness, but I cannot pardon myself. And now I leave my lovely native spot again, of which, in singing in its praise, I have been accused of partiality. I have said, and lovingly sang in ecstasy, that

“ Atween the Bass and Lammerlaw,  
Coldingham Muir and Prestonshaw,  
Auld Scotia’s garden lies;  
In a’ that ornaments the ground,  
A lovelier spot can ne’er be found  
Beneath the arching skies.”

In order to prove this, let the reader accompany me to an eminence overlooking East Lothian, and see for himself whether there be exaggeration in the statement. Lammerlaw is the most elevated point of the Lammermuir range of hills, which runs from the east in Berwickshire to join the Lowthers on the west, forming a fine protecting southern boundary to the rich Lothian land lying to the north, between this range and the Firth of Forth. Trace the course of that little stream, and listen to its self-important clatter among the stones in its descent to the bonny braes o’ Danskin! And see it now, after meandering round the hill foot, and receiving the embraces of the mountain tributaries. Its channel widens and deepens as it laughs in its new born pride, as much as to say, “Growing at this rate in my course, I shall be able to drive a mill when I come to the place where a mill may be wanted.” Now it has hidden itself among that splendid foliage, it beautifies the scene of Yester, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, where the beautiful Lady Mar-



garet Hay, the present Duchess of Wellington, was born. The mills of Gifford are beholden to this burnie, which was born under your feet, but which now is dignified by the name of the river Tyne. Now it ca's the 'wauk mill,' and plays aboot the rocks of Eagles Cairnie, owned and occupied by Colonel Stuart, said to be the only remaining scion of the royal family of that name. He lost both arms at Waterloo. Notwithstanding this physical defect, he was the finest skater on the Tyne. It was a treat to see this tall, straight, armless figure amusing himself on the ice. Tyne now ornaments the grounds of Ledington, now called Lennox Love, where Gilbert Burns was land steward. He lived for many years, and died at that delightful spot called Grant's braes, situated on a high bank, overlooking the fine Policy of General Houston, of Clerkington, on the opposite bank of Tyne. Lennox Love, on the east bank, is the property of Lord Blantyre. We have traced the Tyne from its source in the Lammermuir doon to where I first saw and paddled in it, where its pranks have ofttimes put the countryside in fear; on one occasion, it rose to an extraordinarily great height, threatening danger to the town, which was timely relieved by the stone wall round the Policy of Amesfield Park giving way.

The estates which it waters below Haddington are beautiful and historically interesting, which in description seems to defy exaggeration. Amesfield, the seat of Francis Charteris, Lord Elcho; Stevenston, the seat of Sir John Sinclair; Biel, the bonny banks o' Biel, the property of the Nisbets; the estate of Bienston, Hailes Castle, the Hepburn property, where Queen

Mary staid (I won't say slept), over night on her unhappy way to Dunbar Castle, which was the parting scene of that ill-fated lady from her native Scotland. Just below Hailes is the pretty village of Linton and Linton Linn, "where a' the de'ils in hell fell in." Here is the model farm of Phantasy, where the celebrated Sir John Rennie, who built the iron bridge across the Thames at Southwark and new London bridge, was born, and as we approach the confluence of the sweet stream with the larger volume of the Firth, we point out the wee bit shopie wherein John Rennie served his apprenticeship. Nor would it be respectful to the Earl of Haddington, to leave the delightful village of Tynningham, without viewing his holly hedges, on which he prides himself so much, also his fine estate, his noble mansion, and the aspect of his stately grounds. As the village belle on her first visit to a city marvels at the scant deference paid to her, so the identity of a cheering stream is lost in wider waters. Pray do not quit your altitude before justice is done to the grand panoramic view before you.

On beauty artists love to dwell,  
To them a landscape brings a spell,  
A bliss denied to ithers,  
Except the poet drinking in  
The tints o' a' that make a scene;  
Nature made them brithers.

For guid sake assume the quality o' ane o' the brithers if ye hae it not, and do not descend the hill with an idea that the beauty of East Lothian is confined to the course of the Tyne, bonny as it is. Look east, where your view is lost in the German ocean, but

do not overlook intervening points. Notice that big lone hill, sleeping in the rich valley in the foreground. That is Traprainlaw, which is supposed to contain gold enough to enrich the county, but which is left by the owner in its natural aspect to feed his sheep by its velvety covering, painting their little hoofs into tints of the supposed metallic substance below. In that true spirit of Scotch philosophy, he waits the wave of Californian enterprise to hawk and open up his treasure; a thing likely in the near future, for in Lord Hopetoun he has a brave prospecting pioneer within three miles of him. It is supposed that his Lordship opened up the Garleton hills in search of the precious metal, and found, instead, a richer mine of iron of the finest quality. In the middle distance you have the picturesque grounds of Belhaven, and the rugged coast of Dunbar with its burgh, and the ruins of its historical castle, where Black Agnes defied the Montague, also the mansion and grounds of the Earl of Lauderdale. A little to the east lies the battle ground whereon Cromwell secured, by the defeat of Leslie, the government of Scotland, and blessed by relieving it for some eight years of the bungling misgovernment of the Stuarts. Still further east, the romantic ravine, spanned by the Peasbrig, Coldingham, Eyemouth, and St. Abb's Head. To the north, we have a richer view still. The whole course of the Tyne, and estates it waters, besides those seats of beauty placed beyond its reach, such as Gosford (Earl of Wemyss), Lufness, Balancecrief (Lord Elibank), that of Sir James Sutie, and Balfour of Whitingham; Stuart, of Alderston; Sir Hugh Dalrymple, North Berwick, and many others all spread out

like a richly variegated carpet fringed on the north by that noble estuary the Firth of Forth, on a promontory, on which stand the ruins of Tantallon Castle, the ancient seat of the Douglass, which Marmion immortalized. Two miles out in the Firth from this point is the Bass Rock, the last stronghold of the Stuarts; some fifteen miles further out the island of May. The western view embraces the estate of Fletcher, of Saltoun Hall, the bonny braes o' Branhholm, the estates of Seaton, of Caddell of Cockenzie, of Ormiston, and others, up to the boundary line west of Preston Grange, taking in the continued line of thriving villages along the coast, make up a landscape which, when once seen, never can be forgotten. From Gullen on the east, to Prestonpans on the west, presents one of the most thriving scenes of industry to be found anywhere. I cannot bear to leave East Lothian without a parting word on the unfortunate Mary, whose treatment at the Court of Elizabeth forms one of the most heartless tragedies on record.

Behold the lovely Mary, Scotland's queen !  
In ecstasy of grief, on Hepburn Lien  
That shelter seek, within Haile's castle towers,  
Denied her by the legislative powers.

Thence, evil tidings of her adverse war,  
In poignant anguish, drove her to Dunbar,  
Without a friend to counsel or protect  
Her sacred person from the fearful wreck.

Her self-reliance fails. She now must yield,  
And place herself behind a Southern shield.  
Nor had the suppliant Mary long to wait —  
The white-horse rider's ready at the gate.

Willing help th' imperious Tudor gave,  
Precursing durance and a bloody grave.  
To England's standing on the scroll of fame,  
The death of Mary brings the blush of shame!

The reader will excuse an anecdote on taking leave of the Tyne. On crossing from school one sunny day, over the Nungate brig, as was my wont, to see the bonnie troots gamboling in the clear stream, I clambered to the cape-stane, and there I saw an unco sight—a bairn about four years of age, lying on its back, in its last efforts to retain the precious spark, at the bottom of the river. I ran, as prompted, to the rescue, and succeeded in restoring the child to the embrace of the anxious parents. This same child was doomed, in one short half year, to lose its life by violence. On the morning of a winter day, the poor little fellow, descending the inclined plane leading from the bridge, slipped on the ice, and fell in front of one of the wheels of a laden cart, and was killed on the spot.

## CHAPTER VII.

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“The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
I am where I would ever be,  
With its blue above and its blue below.”

DURING the pleasant year I spent with Mr. Robertson, in the lively village of Portobello, the country was horror-stricken by the exposé of the ghoulish traffic of murdering innocent persons to supply food for the dissecting scalpel, in which Burke and Hare played prominent parts in Edinburgh, the scene of Burke's expiation on the scaffold for the crime, while Hare, turning King's evidence, escaped the gallows, to suffer a living death in Canada.

The tie of consanguinity is not easily broken in Scotland. A cousin, with that people, must be a good many times removed before he can be allowed to slide into the ocean which is considered common to humanity. Taking a few days of recreation at home, I soon found employment with Alexander Glen, Castle street, Edinburgh, a cousin o' my father's o' the German type. There's no knowing how far the elastic tie was stretched—it was still unbroken; and it was only necessary to mention the name of John Johnston to find a place in his thriving business. Mr. Glen's business lay among the élite of the New Town, among whom was Sir Walter Scott, whose mansion was on the north section of

the same street, at which it became my duty to call daily, to supply his family with the staff of life. On one occasion I essayed (as was usual) to approach the larder for the purpose of relieving myself of my burthen of six quartern loaves, at a time when all the servants were engaged up stairs. Sir Walter's favorite hound, Maida, disputed my approach, and, on attempting to elude his vigilance, he placed my helpless arm between his potent jaws, and there held me in durance till the cook made her appearance and indulged in a hearty laugh at my expense, and then Maida took his matted place on the landing of the kitchen stairs, his sentry-box when on guard. The charm of that classic precinct passed away at the demise of that genial soul, whose daily steps, in wonted exercise, made sacred the very stones on which he trod, and which is now adorned by the Gothic taste of Kemp, in that matchless monument in memory of the immortal Scott.

In the meantime my half-brother, Alexander, after many years' service in the Royal artillery, had distinguished himself at the taking of the island of Ceylon from the Dutch. While as flag sergeant, being engaged in special service, the command of the detachment fell to him by the fall in battle of the commissioned officers intrusted with the expedition, the object of which, requiring some strategic delicacy, was attained to the satisfaction of the officer in command, a report of which was, by his orders, transmitted to the commander-in-chief, His Grace the Duke of Wellington, who was pleased to offer Alexander, as a mark of his approval, his choice of a commission in the Royal artillery, or a barrack serjeantcy, or a master gunner-

ship in any one of our home strongholds. Not relishing the atmosphere of an officer's mess to one who has risen from the ranks, he had the good sense to choose the lesser of the twin favors. The Iron Duke at that time held the office of master-gunner of the ordnance. The master-gunnery of Leith fort was the first fruits of the Duke's favors, and this was rendered the more agreeable by the residence in that fort of his brother-in-law, David Davidson, and his delightful family. This fort is advantageously situated on the rising ground west of North Leith, near the fishing village of Newhaven, commanding a fine extensive view of the busy Firth, the Isle of Inchkeith and the Kingdom o' Fife. H. M. S. Ramilies, eighty-four guns, then guarded the commerce of the northern capital, the flitting visits to and from Stirling of the first of the forthcoming numerous family of steamers which had the courage to risk a taste of the stormy Firth, added another subject of interest. Here, in a visit of three weeks at this bewitching spot, my unconquerable passion for the sea was engendered, a passion which nothing short of sea-sickness could subdue.

After a lapse of a few years from this visit, while working with Mr. Glen, I engaged to work with a Mr. Wright, of the Coalhill, Leith, for no other reason than to be near the shipping. This step I soon regretted, not only on account of the good feeling existing between Mr. Glen and myself, but the influence of disparagement to the coarse nature of Mr. W. as compared to Mr. Glen.

The only redeeming feature of the change was the companionship of my fellow-workman, David Bonner



who, as far as one can judge for themselves, was the very counterpart of the subscriber. He had the advantage of age (two years), of education, and in wild vagaries. It required about two weeks to combine our ærial architectural capacities so as to enable us to launch out in the business of castle building. Each held the other in the highest estimation for practical wisdom, and whatsoever was suggested by the one was clinched by the other as the one thing needful. In the course of our cogitations we at length resolved to see the world; that the sea being the highway of nations, we should take that road; that inasmuch as it was impossible to get shipped in Leith, we should start for Newcastle-on-Tyne for that purpose; that it would be more agreeable to go the one hundred miles by water than by land; that a boat lying keel uppermost at Hillesfield may be sold for ten shillings; that we buy said boat and stick a pole in her to which we can fasten a biscuit bag for a sail. Our prospective voyage was designed to be one of pleasure. Old Boreas was to put on his best behavior. We were to be very careful never to sail so far from the land that we could not, if necessity required ~~it~~, just pull our bit boatie ashore and take our snooze on dry land, and await the morning breeze from the north to help us on our journey. We gave up our situations with Mr. Wright, and found our purchase money for the boat entirely lost, inasmuch as it proved beyond our strength to move her, and got laughed to scorn on asking assistance from practical men. "Why," they said, "that old hulk has been so long a stranger to salt water that on an attempt to re-launch her she would fall to pieces." Still so impatient were we for the sea

that we hired a boat for our experimental trip to the island of Inchkeith. Weather fine and tide serving, the passage to the island was delightful, and to add to our pleasure while on the island a splendid frigate passed so close to us as to enable us to perceive every movement of the busy crew upon her deck. Up to that period in my life I had never witnessed anything so bewitchingly fascinating as that moving picture. My wild, unthinking brain and heart followed in her wake. And now the wind, freshening and veering to the southwest, together with the adverse tide, admonished us to the oar. The closing scene of that voyage was made to stand in bitter contrast with that of the early day. Three hours' hard pulling began to convince us that wind and tide ahead were too much for our unskillful seamanship, and might lead to our undoing. The schemes of the voyage to Newcastle were borne by that breeze to the German ocean, never more to be dreamed of again. Our soft, unsailor-like hands became crowded with egg-like blisters, and still a hard mile to row, and the clouds of night rapidly descending. At dusk we reached the harbor and found the captain in a surly mood, pacing the deck of his little *Thurso* sloop, from whom we hired the boat. He met us with a vocabulary which I have since learned presented itself in the shape of much approved maritime oaths. I confess to having understood one of his expressions when he sputtered out in Scandinavian idiom: "I hope to go to — somewhere if I ever lend my boat to d——d land lubbers again." Now this was simply an outburst of anger brewed an hour ago in the supposition that his yawl had gone to the locker of Davy Jones. No

matter what had become o' the two idiots who tempted him with their halfcrown for a bit sail in the Firth. He thought, in his broad Christian charity, that as far as the boys were concerned they might as well be out of the way.

There are actions during the spring-time of life which will shrink from the scrutiny of one's riper years. Exemption from this test, I believe, is confined to the few. Still there may be such whose blunders figure as an exception to the rule of an otherwise fairly spent morning of life. In my own retrospect I find, alas! an entire reversal in the order of things. I am humiliated to find blundering unmistakably the rule and wise action the exception. Could there be a better specimen found than the present to show to what folly youth can descend when left untrammelled? Behold two fellows, respectively 17 and 15 years old, brooding over their sunk wealth in the shape of (not an elephant, but) a cast-off yawl as inert as the Bass Rock to their appliances within reach.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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“Of all the passions that possess mankind  
The love of novelty rules most the mind;  
In search of this from realm to realm we roam,  
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.”

NOTHING daunted, we started on our journey in rainy weather. Our wealth consisted of nine shillings sterling and a bundle of clothing each, which, although a little heavy at starting, we found by the time we had reached North Shields, we had none too much. For obvious reasons we took the lower road, leaving Haddington considerably to the south. In an increasing storm of wind and rain we found shelter in a miserable lodging-house in the town of North Berwick, for which we paid fourpence each. After a vain attempt to dry ourselves at the meager fire, we tumbled into our bed-bunk, and slept soundly on a tick filled with chaff. On the following morning we found the storm had increased to a hurricane and all the town in an uproar, with cries of “A wreck, a wreck! A ship is on the rocks, make haste to save.”

Our frugal meal of bread and milk we left untouched and hastened to the harbor, which we reached just in time to see, in the midst of the howling storm, a dismayed brig in a most fearful condition. The hands seemed almost helplessly benumbed. The

rigging, which they had failed to cut adrift, entangled the deck, so as to impede the progress of the work necessary to their salvation. But the master knew his craft and was well acquainted with the dangerous nature of the coast, and by dint of skill and straining exertion, kept clear of the rocks, to find a haven of safety. Moodily we retraced our steps to our four-penny hotel, nor was the silence broken until our frugal fast-breaking meal was nearly discussed, when the elder of the two Dauvids, returning to his normal condition, opened his mouth and said, "Aye, man, Dauvid, d'ye ken what I was thinking about?" "Na," said the younger sage, "I dinna ken what ye was thinking about, but I ken what I was thinking about." "Man," said the elder, "I was just thinking what a figure o'or ship Eliza (the name we had given our Hillesfield craft) would have cut in siccan a storm as this; tell me your thoughts." I said that the scene at the harbor had bewildered my thoughts. Had we succeeded in launching the Eliza this very storm would have settled our career on this earth. As it is, I think we ought to look upon this as a Providential warning for the future.

Dauvid seemed hardly prepared for the depth of this philosophy, coming from one who had up to this period fallen so readily into all his wild vagaries, and was evidently touched. But our walk had made keen our appetites. Wet as we were, our twa penny baps frae Provost Brodie's, and twa pence worth of sweet milk, was freely and thankfully discussed, and we shouldered our bundles for Dunbar. The storm had moderated, but still it rained, and heavy roads impeded

our progress, so that we arrived late and had to pay one shilling for our bed, thereby augmenting the monetary uneasiness which was daily fastening on our troubled spirits. Still the lions of Dunbar were not overlooked: the harbor, the gift of Cromwell, and the castle which, in the absence of her husband, Black Agnes defended against Montague. This same Dunbar is famous in history. Here, it may be said, the keys of Scotland fell into the hands of the victorious Cromwell by the defeat of Leslie. Here Mary took her farewell of power and Scotland, and here Sir John Cope landed with his army from the north to oppose the Chevalier, but failed to succeed. On our way to Berwick-on-Tweed we pass the house from the window of which Cromwell sat watching the movements of his adversary. Leslie had taken up a position which challenged the admiration of Cromwell, who deemed it unassailable. The flower of the Scottish nobility were under Leslie. They became impatient of control and inactivity. Leslie, in an evil hour, yielded to their importunities, which Cromwell perceiving, exclaimed in his characteristic vocabulary, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands. Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry." There is a combination of circumstances that go to retard one's progress as a successful pedestrian; a big bundle, heavy roads, a gloomy atmosphere, an empty stomach, a light purse, a bad errand, and a seared conscience; and this compound was the only property we possessed on this earth. This was no wager-provoking trot. A good walker might make Berwick from Dunbar easily, but burdened as we were we had to avail ourselves of the hospitality

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of a kind-hearted old farmer, who allowed us to sleep in his barn on oat straw, for which privilege we were very grateful, but took the road too early to proffer our thanks. At an early hour in the afternoon of our fourth day's tramp we arrived at the town of Berwick, which, in the language of St. Stephens, is distinguished by the appellation of "our town of Berwick-upon-Tweed." In ancient times this town was the theater of many a bloody fight, where Wallace figured to advantage. Its aspect in peace is beautiful, its history is fraught with historic lore. Here is the conflux of the classic Tweed with the German ocean, the river being spanned by a magnificent bridge. Our tour in Northumberland will be theme enough for another chapter. Beloved Scotland, farewell.

## CHAPTER IX.

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Oh! bonnie Tweed, so glorious in thy sheen,  
Of all the northern rivers thou 'rt the queen.  
In ages yet to come thy crystal tide,  
To beautify will flow, nor to divide.

Nor will your hills and gently sloping braes  
Lack those to sing in anthems to thy praise;  
Each, shore with shore, in harmony combine,  
Eschewing scenes that marked a darker time.

May ne'er again high-handed war prevail  
To mar the beauty of thy fruitful vale.  
Your classic stream evokes the sacred nine,  
To bless your sons with happiness divine.

LIKE all good mercantile firms we paused to take stock. We chose the middle arch of Berwick bridge whereon to overhaul our exchequer, and found ourselves in possession of one shilling and ninepence wherewith to do the hardest part of our journey, without any budget to fall back on. We were now in England, and though the Northumbrian is famed for hospitality, we began to feel lonely and dispirited, and a keen sense of our folly and wickedness took possession of our souls. We knelt in the mud, and prayed to be forgiven of the giver of every good gift. How could we use such good, kind parents as we both had so heartlessly cruel? But the die was cast. The twin



necessities were upon us. Proceed and suffer, or return to disgrace. By the time we reached Alnwick our last penny had found its way into unknown coffers, so that in the future the distension of our stomachs had to depend upon corresponding shrinkage of our wardrobe. The sale of a shirt supplied the wants of Sunday, which we decently spent in the ancient town of Alnwick, the noble and princely seat of Percy, Duke of Northumberland. Recuperated, both in mind and body, and weather improving, the old sea-mania returned with ten-fold force. It would never do for us to keep the straight road through Morpeth to North Shields. The thought of walking all that distance without one glance at our darling element was preposterous. We directed our steps eastward to the coast. The good and evil resulting from this idiotic whim, were first, viewing the beautiful country lying between Alnwick and the barren waste which for many miles lines the Northumbrian shore; the chance of viewing the Coquet Island and Warkworth Castle, the most ancient stronghold of the Percys in the early Plantagenet and Tudor times, and the endurance of the pangs of an empty stomach for a longer period than we had hitherto experienced. Our chosen path led through a sandy rabbit warren, destitute of the semblance of humanity. About mid-day we spied a house, a mile off in the interior, to which hunger prompted us to approach and make known to the lady of the house our hapless condition. We offered her a shirt for eighteen pence, half the price in bread and milk. "Na, lads, I dunna want your shirt, but thou'lt get some bread and milk and welcome," was her kind reply, and suiting the

action to the word, placed before our ravenous vision a large wooden platter, heaped with wheaten and oaten bread, and abundance of milk, which we devoured with such a gusto as must have astonished the kind-hearted Samaritan. With our blessing and many thanks for her hospitable entertainment, we rose and departed, with the blush of shame mantling on our cheek at the greedy-like manner in which we cleaned out her bountiful supply. About dusk we reached the harbor of Blythe, and the town being on the south bank of the river, how to get across became a question of some moment. Bridge there was none, and the fare per head by boat, one penny. Our pennies had all departed to be the slaves of others. We offered a pair of good braces to row us over the ferry. The hoary-headed Charon laughed us to scorn. Nothing but the hard cash for him. My companion, on exposing the braces he wore, was reminded that he had long worn as brace buttons four farthings, perforated to receive the thread. "I will take these four farthings," said the boatman, "and keep them in remembrance of the poverty-stricken Scotch, and row you over the ferry." The bargain struck, off came the farthings, pocketing the affront, and we were in due time safely landed on the southern shore of the river. Being a fair day the town was crowded with people from the surrounding country, and all the beds bespoken. However, a bed was by a kind lady improvised on the floor of her clean little cottage, and on the following morning with a diminished bundle, we set out in rain to finish our tedious journey in quest of slavery on the trackless deep. We arrived at the conflux of the teeming, busy Tyne with

the German ocean. Here, on a high hill, stands the celebrated Tynemouth Castle, from the beautiful esplanade, of which you have a commanding view of one of the richest scenes in England. The thriving towns of North and South Shields, the river, covered with ships and keels employed in coal-carrying to all parts of the known world, together with the coast view as far south as Flamborough Head, embracing Sunderland, Whitby, Scarborough and other busy marts of trade—a panorama well worth a week's march to see. Here we received a lesson in economy which has proved valuable to me through life. In the middle of the road lay a lump of good bread, covered with mud, and nearly saturated with rain, which we carefully cleansed and nicely divided, and dropped it into our respective internal membranes, which were writhing to be employed. From that day to this I am pained to see the blessing of bread wasted. This morsel was like manna from heaven, sweetened by the need. Previous to descending the hill we sat down to take stock of our diminishing store of worldly goods, and soon perceived that my Sunday trousers were destined to depart from their wonted usefulness to meet a more urgent exigency. The difference between buying and selling I had become pretty familiar with, but parting with that garment for one shilling and sixpence, which had cost seven shillings, and was very little the worse for wear, I confess gave me a heavy pang. But go they must, and they went. The price of them sufficed to carry us over the first night in North Shields. It will be seen by this humble narrative that all through this wild, reckless breach of propriety our consequent self-inflicted

condition was wonderfully relieved by acts of kindness on the part of others, making more poignant the sense of shame for our too palpable misconduct. My nether garment disposed of, and one-third of the proceeds thereof consumed, we had picked up another boy who was worse off than ourselves. He had neither money nor clothes, so he came under the shadow of our wing and shared with us all the benefits of the firm, because he was of the same name as myself (at least he said so) and on the same scapegrace errand. (Misery loves company.) Providence now directed our steps to the door of one of the most angelic women on this globe. It required but one glance of Mrs. Cookson to read the character of the three scamps who stood on her threshold in quest of shelter for this drizzly night. "Only on one condition can I take you into my house. Sit down and write each to your mother," which we did.

## CHAPTER X.

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The acme of weakness is an accusing conscience.

THE tongue lashing, to which we patiently submitted, was severe but true, and I hope useful. She dwelt on the sin of such cruelty, and then and there made us sit down and write home (she would pay the mail) and acknowledge our faults, making this step the condition of her receiving us into her cottage to lodge. This lady on the following day made a fruitless endeavor to dissuade us from a seafaring life, and well she might; for out of a family of six, four sons and two daughters, that insatiable element had swallowed up two, and those her first-born boys. Her younger boys were also bound apprentices to the sea, which to this loving soul proved a fruitful source of grievous anxiety, that they likewise would in all probability be buried in the deep. Such, indeed, is the effect of the fascination held out by the rollicking Jack Tar on the youth of the Northumberland coast, and the demands made upon it, that it fully accounts for the disparity of the number of males as compared with that of females, there appearing in the census of that period five to one in favor of the latter. But it must be borne in mind that this is the principal nursery of the British navy, and where will you find

such sailors? Here you have the bone and muscle provoked into play by an ingenious device in practice on this coast. Most seamen are paid by the month. Here they are paid by the voyage. Pride and profit are great incentives to speed. By this mode, the interest of employer and employe are alike promoted, and the government reaps the principal advantage. To return to our story: I am ashamed to say the unanswerable eloquence of that estimable lady was lost upon us, and seeing our resolution unshaken, she determined to exercise her disinterested guardianship by placing us under the guidance of a worthy man. Emanuel Walmsley was the owner of four vessels, all hailing from North Shields, and employed in carrying coal to London and elsewhere, in one of which her two sons were apprenticed. Thither she carried us, and were she our mother an introduction could not have been couched in more tender language. Oh! the priceless value of motherly love! The remembrance of that woman's disinterested kindness has proved a balm to my mind for three-score years, and during the season of my subsequent prosperity I resolved to visit and tangibly thank her for past kindness, but on arriving at Bowmaker's bank, North Shields, found the old cottage cold and desolate, the family dispersed, and the venerable Samaritan returned to dust just one week. With a heavy heart I returned to London, regretting the baneful effect of a culpable procrastination. Mr. Walmsley, a gentleman of three-score years, attentively listened to the appeal of Mrs. Cookson, and kindly complied with that lady's request to take us three boys into his employment as apprentices, and

arranged with her to board us while his ships were at sea. The old Barbara, more commonly called the old Meal Barrel, was due in ten days, and two of the boys should ship in her, which two should be settled between themselves. As for the third boy, she could not vouch for him as being truthful. "In the meantime, send them down to my marine warehouse, where we'll teach them to be half sailors before they get to sea." This kind reception and arrangement proved satisfactory to all parties concerned. Even the good old lady seemed half reconciled to the prospects of her adopted charges, and we, the pair of scapegraces, were overjoyed at our success. The addition to our number failed to enhance our respectability. He lied regarding his name. Still, he was employed. Twelve days' experience in the good man's marine store, with the exception of the usual bantering the poor Scotchmen have to stand when thrown into contact with a low class of English, was mainly comfortable, each day's petty annoyances being more than compensated by the happy evenings spent in the bosom of Mrs. Cookson's family. I may here remark that young as I was I did marvel at the senseless jargon leveled at us on the part of the foreman, who in other respects seemed intelligent, but who uttered his broken English as if the most prickly part of a guid auld Scotch thistle were stuck in his throat, ignoring the use of the forceful rattling "r" in the noble English language, and who pronounced the lower lights of his own harbor "the law leets." But the man was intoxicated with authority. He briefly lorded it over seven of his fellows, and stands excused. Now comes a very painful scene in the drama. The two Davies had

been nearly a year boon companions, and had together tasted of life's sweetness, and some of its bitters. The hour approached that they must part. The old Barbara, Captain Patterson, has thrown her ports open to receive another load of black diamonds for London. One of the Davies must forthwith report on board to undergo the usual trial trip previous to binding. It fell to my lot to become cabin boy to one of the most tyrannical of men. Painful it was to part from the Cookson family, but the pain was softened in the prospect of seeing them on my return. Not so in parting with the sonsy, slow-going, taciturn, kind-hearted David Bonner, whom it never has been my good fortune to see since; but I was subsequently informed that he shipped on board the Harmony. David Pierce, for that was the third's real name, shipped with me on board the Barbara, and our respective vessels keeping apart in their traffic deprived us of the chance of meeting. From the comparatively cleanly occupation of teasing oakum, etc., in the store, to the hold of the Meal Barrel, trimming coal, was no very fascinating change, but passive obedience is in the sailor, as in the soldier, an important attribute. To-day I am in the hold; to-morrow on the gallant mast. Report says there is a four foot sea on Tynemouth bar and expected to increase. Our hatches were battened and decks half washed, when the order was given to cast off lines and be off to sea. My first duty as a seaman was to assist to unfurl the foretopgallant sail. Getting safely aloft, and in the act of obeying instructions, I was seized with all the symptoms of an aggravated form of seasickness, which totally unfitted me for the duties devolving upon me,



and before I could reach the shrouds was compelled in my nausea, amidst the heartless jeers of my shipmates, to cast up my accounts down upon the deck below. Oh, the humiliating effect of that event! Vain must be the attempt to describe my feelings. I could neither eat nor sleep, consequently got daily worse and less useful. Hitherto, my good health and buoyancy of spirits had gained friends in the most trying circumstances. Now I found that sickness and hopeless disappointment met with naught else but kicks, cuffs and sneers from an unfeeling crew. In the course of a few days, with a strong tide and southerly wind against us, we cast anchor in Yarmouth Roads. While lying there, the carpenter, a coarse fellow, taking umbrage at me for daring to ask him to repeat something which I failed to understand, struck me a blow on the side of my head, carrying my hat overboard, which I thoughtlessly followed, being something of a swimmer. Placing the hat where it belonged, on my head, I essayed to reach the ship, but was suddenly struck with a sense of danger on finding myself so far astern of her as to make it appear impossible ever to reach her in my present weakness against so strong a current, but hope revived when I perceived the bustle on deck getting the boat out to save the drowning boy. Nearly exhausted when picked up nearly a mile astern, I was glad to see the carpenter foremost in his efforts to save. Of course, the rope's end, the universal antidote for false steps on the part of unthinking youth on board ship, had to be applied. To allow my poor emaciated frame to escape the ordeal would, in the eyes of Patterson, amount to an unpardonable breach of discipline. This brutish

scoundrel was a good seaman, and was known to make in the slowest-sailing craft in the Northumbrian coast trade the quickest runs. My testimony in this case may be partial, and therefore deemed worthless, but I could not help thinking while under the chastisement that the proverbial caution, "To spare the rope's end would spoil the sailor," was somewhat overstrained. Be that as it may, from that moment I ceased to have any regard for the man. Yet, strange to say, my life on board the *Barbara* was from that hour greatly improved. I became unwittingly the hero of the crew, whose gibes and jeers were turned to loving kindness, and just in proportion to the heart tide flowing in on the poor sick stranger did it ebb from Captain Patterson. They all saw my earnest desire to become a sailor, and lamented with me the cruel sickness standing in the way, and had I swallowed half the nostrums proffered to kill it, and exploded in the trial, I am sure that the crack would never have been laid to the charge of spontaneity.

Even the carpenter manifested an anxiety in my behalf, and declared that to cure seasickness there was nothing equal to hot dough soused in treacle. The few days spent in the Pool enabled me to recuperate a little, but the north run, with a light ship and a heavy sea, soon brought me back to a condition more deplorable than ever. I was so emaciated on my return to Shields that my kind friends had to look twice to recognize me. The kind commiseration I received would require an abler pen than mine to describe. Even Mr. Walmsley expressed a hope that the second trip would prove more conducive to my comfort, and while he

chid me for my rashness in leaping overboard in a tide running three and a half knots, after a two and six-penny hat, he did not fail to censure the captain for his severity. Thus fortified, I prepared to encounter the second ordeal. On bidding good-by at home, I was agreeably surprised at the manifestation of feeling on the part of a sweet girl of sixteen years. She had, during the few days in port, prepared a charm against the disease to which I appeared to be so prone. This charm consisted of a neat silken bag, heart form, containing odoriferous material, of which the smell of camphor unfortunately predominated. This had to be placed with a silk ribbon around the neck by the charmer's own hands, which I felt was a most agreeable ceremony, although the remedy proved entirely futile, and added to the list of my antipathies, which the smell of camphor proves to be up to the present time.

Of affairs of the heart one labors under a disadvantage in speaking in the first person. Thou canst say with some degree of impunity, "He fell in love," but who ever dared say, "I fell in love," without subjecting himself to the ridicule of his fellow-susceptibles? This being a tale o' truth, what can I do but confess?

To the cavilers at my inexperienced weakness for that Northumbrian beauty, her heart teeming with the milk of human kindness, and the bloom of health upon her cheek, I would ask my dear reader, Did you ever have the good fortune to be so favored? If not, in sorrow subdue your risibility and try thinking.

The remainder of my time in the old Meal Barrel will form the subject of another chapter, together with a little experience in London.

I confess now to have had an intensified motive to follow at that period a seafaring life. Not only on account of the kind attentions of that young maiden, but the delicate and disinterested kindness of her mother and every member of the family. Indeed, I seemed to grow in the good graces of that delightful family until I became as one of its members. Little did I dream of the ordeal awaiting me in London. It is well we know not what a day may bring forth.

## CHAPTER XI.

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“Man’s inhumanity to man,  
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

—*Burns.*

UNDER improved auspices I entered on my second voyage, and soon discovered that my old enemy was not to be cheated out of its victim. Calm weather, with a heavy ground swell, gave rise to a motion in the vessel that intensified the disease, and deeming it also aggravated by the obnoxious smell of camphor, I had to lay the charm aside until we returned to Shields, when, in respect to the feelings of the charmer, the charm should resume its intended location. During this voyage I became reluctantly convinced that nature had not cut me out for a sailor. I became as much disgusted with my uselessness as with the cruel disease that caused it, and in that frame of mind resolved that in the event of another voyage failing to improve my condition, I would try some other course for a living. On arriving at Shields I found Mr. Walmsley, notwithstanding the exaggerated report of Patterson, still desirous of keeping me in his service. Mrs. Cookson approved of my determination. Jane seemed somewhat down in the mouth, lamented the failure of her charm, and hoped if I did quit the sea I would do so at this end and not at the Lon-

don end, where there is so much wickedness. I could go back to my own business as well at the one place as the other. But my destiny led Londonward, and there I left the old Barbara on my third trip, and threw myself once more on the heartless world, with threepence in my pocket, which the carpenter gave me when he rowed me ashore, while the captain was up town, saying it was all the cash he had by him or he would have given me more (Jesus was the son of a carpenter), and I believe him. He had hurried me ashore to escape a punishment as certain as that the sun gives heat.

A young fellow-apprentice, who, unlike myself, gave evidence of becoming a good seaman, had offended his high mightiness, and had committed the unpardonable offense of making an effort to escape the enraged fool while in a paroxysm of anger, and was therefore felled to the deck by a hand-spike in the hands of the veritable Captain Patterson, of the Barbara, of North Shields, formerly boatswain's mate of a man-of-war in good King Geordie's reign. At the sight of this wanton brutality I imprudently, yet voluntarily, gave utterance to an audible murmur, without any articulation, at which he turned his fierce fiendish eyes on me, and said, "I will attend to your case when I return on board." Taking the hint, I imparted my secret intention of leaving the ship to the carpenter, who suggested immediate action as above, and left the impotent creature to find a new cabin-boy, and thereby augment the number of his legion of haters. Now I am in the great metropolis of the world, a stranger in a strange land, where, after discussing my two-penny breakfast, I had one penny left still, in the event of absolute starvation

driving me to the necessity of applying for succor to one of whom a word of mention must now again be made,—my half brother Alexander, whom we recognized as a good soldier, and whom we left in the enjoyment of a comfortable sinecure in Leith Fort, troubled with a restless wife, and while the Iron Duke remained, Master-General of the Ordnance. It was only to ask a change more congenial to her caprice to obtain it. She was too near the sea at Leith, in Edinburgh Castle too high, in Calshot Castle, Hampshire, too low, in Yarmouth Castle, Isle of Wight, too lonely, in Seaforth, ditto. Now they are vending Barclay and Perkins' Entire, near Wellclose Square, E., London. Under the impression of a dreaded correspondence with home, awakening in my guilty conscience an awful sense of my foolish conduct, I resolved to hold out. It took six days to conquer my aversion to an interview with that family, passing their door in a starving condition every day. At length my brother, having noticed a poor, emaciated sailor boy once or twice strolling by, resolved to arrest the attention of the same, should he again make his appearance, and sure enough, out he came, with the dreaded interrogatory, followed by a good meal and a much-needed clean shirt. The reader will readily perceive how these would be appreciated when I inform him that my food for four days consisted of the maggoty remains of the bread locker of a West Indiaman, which I had earned by assisting the rigger employed to dismantle her, and my bed was among the weeds in a neglected corner of the West India docks. After the largest dose of humble pie that ever fell to my share to swallow, my future was

promptly settled in the most approved military fashion. Home letters, like bullets, were mercilessly leveled at my devoted head. The luxury of one night of bed repose was receding rapidly from view. Said my brother: "Captain Christie, of the Leith smack Trusty, now at Downing's wharf, sails for Leith by the morning's tide; so to secure your passage you must get on board to-night. The captain, a friend of mine, will take you to Leith, and you can walk to Haddington the next day." To consult me in cutting and drying these trifles would fail to comport with the dignity of the court. Some are slow to discover the mettle of those with whom they are dealing. In this case I ventured to inform the supreme judges that London was my destined field of future action (which in after years was amply proven); that during these six days of untold misery I had not failed to endeavor to obtain employment, and even dared to hint that all that was needed were a few articles of decent clothing. But no; the fiat had gone forth. Nothing left but to obey. My obedience was more seeming than real. I wished them good-by and went on board the Trusty, not by any means, as they thought, to avail myself of a passage home, but simply to take advantage of the food and shelter which a night on board might furnish. After a generous supper the crew remained in the forecastle, spinning yarns, till "the 'oor o' night's black airch the keystone." The company was enlivened by a cousin of one of the crew, who inquired if there were any steerage passengers on board. "None but this poor boy going back to Scotland under the care of the captain. He has been trying to be a sailor, but fails to overcome sea-



sickness. He is therefore going back to his parents, from whom the young rascal ran away." Kindly turning to me, the stranger asked me if I really wished to go back on the effort necessary to become a seaman.

"Man," said he, "the great Lord Nelson himself never thoroughly overcame seasickness, and yet you have no doubt read at school what kind of a sailor he made of himself. I am sailing on board the *Ann Dalrymple*, of Methel, in Fifeshire, lying in the Pool. Our captain wants a cabin-boy, and I think you will suit. Come right along with me. The same tide that takes the *Trusty* down stream this morning takes us. We ballast at Purfleet, and off to Riga, in the Baltic sea. We have a kind captain. I'll protect you from the mate, who is, nae doot, a bit of a Tartar."

This man's eloquence silenced every scruple, and away we went rejoicing, together, to tackle once more my insidious enemy, lured to the combat by the beauty and grandeur of old Father Thames. The dockyard at Deptford, named by Cæsar in finding the streamlet a little too deep for the passage of his legions on his way to London, is now mainly used as a granary for the army and navy of the great nation, and the old *Dreadnought*, eighty-four gun ship, used as a hospital for the navy. The Isle of Dogs is opposite, where the pleasure-seeking profligate, Charles, kept his favorite canine specimens, who vied with himself in wisdom. To attempt to describe the glory and grandeur of Greenwich would be out of place here, further than to simply make mention of a few of its outstanding features: its proportionate architecture; the humane purpose to which it is appropriated; its celebrated

painted ceiling and hall; the identical coat through which the ball sped to reach the heart of England's noblest naval hero at Trafalgar; the deer park; the far-famed hill surmounted by Flamborough House, from which the longitude of the world is computed; the marine school, with its ship full-rigged on dry land, and the number of disabled naval pensioners to be seen perambulating *ad libitum* about the extensive grounds, making the glorious resting-place of the disabled seamen of Old England a world in itself and a credit to the nation.

About two miles below this princely building, and opposite Blackwall, there still stood in that day a remnant of barbarism happily to be seen now nowhere within the bounds of civilization, viz: the skeletons of eight fellow-creatures on three gibbets dangling in chains. Blackwall has long been famed for its catering capacity, particularly for its whitebait, a tiny fish caught nowhere else, and which the caterers know how to cook. A dinner at Lovejoy's is not easily forgotten, but the little knowledge I possess on the subject has been acquired many years subsequent to the period of which I am writing. We leave the table and the means by which man is supposed to be recruited and turn to the potent instruments at once of his protection and destruction. We are now off Woolwich. Patriotism has had much to do with the attainment of the wonderful perfectibility of the architecture of the British navy. The prescriptive constitution of England appears to be naturally interwoven in the heart and soul of every one born under her flag. The protection of that constitution has for many years largely fallen to the glory of her wooden walls. Here from keel to royal in mathe-

mathematical proportions those huge leviathans, which prove in their dextrous handling a terror to less scrupulous nations, are constructed. Here, also, adjoining in the Royal Arsenal, the death-dealing ordnance is forged and tested, with all the concomitant operations necessary to accuracy of aim, and all the countless variety of missiles with which the warlike student problematically mitigates the evils of war by rendering it more fatal and terrific. Abreast of the arsenal lie at anchor two vessels called the Hulks, where the evil-doers of the United Kingdom are concentrated preparatory to transportation to distant misery. Nor must the more remote features of Woolwich be overlooked: the extensive artillery barracks, the practicing ground, the cadet academy, and the Rotunda, which was formerly erected in St. James's Park, wherein to entertain the crowned heads of Europe during the transitory peace of 1814, now employed on Woolwich common as a repository of arts, in which may be seen a variety of fine models of British possessions abroad, such as Gibraltar, Malta and others; also, models of ships in sections, showing improved methods of shipping horses, etc. An ingenious clock in this building may deserve a passing notice, from the fact of its requiring no winding up, and is reputed to be the nearest approach to perpetual motion.

On passing Woolwich we have in sight of another historically interesting spot on the opposite bank of the Thames. Purfleet stands on the Essex bank of the river, and here, in imminent danger of invasion, Elizabeth addressed her troops. The fleet being threatened with destruction by the approaching formidable Armada, the queen in ecstasy was made to ejaculate,

"Alas, my poor fleet!" Hence the name of the village. Situated in a quiet, secluded nook, out of the way of navigation, the government was not long insensible to its advantages as a spot wherein to deposit the nation's combustibles. Therefore, at an early day, in a very unostentatious way, the great national magazine was founded.

## CHAPTER XII.

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“The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers  
On every window-frame hang beaded damps  
Like rows of small illumination lamps  
To celebrate the jubilee of showers.”

—*Hood.*

### THE BALTIC SEA.

HERE, at this little wharf, the good sloop Ann Dalrymple was moored to receive her ballast from the neighboring chalk pit, and here for the first time I signed articles. My wages were to be conditionally ten shillings a month. If sick, I was to get as much as the captain valued my services to be worth; so expecting nothing I could not well expect to be disappointed. Against a light easterly wind we tacked down the stream, which gave us a good chance of obtaining a fine view of the Devonshire, at her moorings near Gravesend. This was one of the last, if not the last, of this class of huge, warlike merchantmen employed by the East India Company during the period of their charter, which gave to them the rich monopoly of all the products of the East for the United Kingdom. They were certainly a noble looking craft, but slow. A voyage to China and back was considered good if done in sixteen months. The clipper of to-day will run it in four months. There is

nothing remarkable about Gravesend and Tilbury Fort, opposite, except their weakness. The enormous amount of national wealth in the Thames, even in the metropolis itself, for many years lay singularly open to easy invasion. This anomaly existed down to a very recent date, when there appeared in the reading world Chesney's fiction entitled "The Battle of Dorking." This pamphlet was graphically written, and the possibility of such a disaster so clearly portrayed that it made a sensible impression on the whole nation, and inspired the authorities with a lively appreciation of danger. Hence the late improvements of the points of defense. Three hundred guns of the largest caliber are now defending those points.

We are now passing the conflux of the Medway with the Thames, where lay in ordinary the surplus naval power of the nation; and where, about the end of the last century, the great mutiny transpired. Wherever a strict discipline is necessary petty annoyance on the part of subordinate officials is sure to become one of its concomitants, particularly when power is purchasable with money. Many a "round robin" grievance had been, from time to time, placed before the Lords of the Admiralty in vain. At length patience gave way, and the fleet rebelled. The mutiny was orderly and systematically conducted. The mutineers appointed their officers and slackened in nothing involving true discipline. High in the esteem of the mutineers stood Mr. Parker, an excellent sailor, of good parts, and possessed of decided executive ability. In loud acclamation, he was, unfortunately for himself, appointed admiral. A formidable list of grievances was laid

before the Admiralty Board. Awaiting a reply thereto, behold a signal from the Nore Light to Chatham that the victorious fleet, under command of Lord Duncan, had hove in sight, bearing the glad tidings that success had crowned his mission. He had destroyed the threatening Dutch navy off Camperdown, and in glory returned to his native land just in time to accomplish, as a peacemaker, a much more important victory than that which had intoxicated England with ecstatic joy. Sensible of the gravity of the condition into which this all-important arm had been precipitated, willing to remove tangible existing abuses, yet highly disapproving the means employed to redress those disabilities, he became a sort of arbitrator between the government and the mutineers. This uprising has not been fruitless, but, as usual, the law will claim its victim, and poor Parker had to die an ignominious death at the yard-arm of the ship of which, for a brief season, he held supreme control.

Passing the Nore Light, and through the Swin into the North Sea, I soon found my old enemy was not to be baffled, and that my prospective maximum wage began to recede from my mental vision; but the captain, unlike Patterson, was kind, so that my helpless condition was thereby greatly ameliorated. He even commiserated my condition, and marveled that I could live on what I ate. We are in the Cattegat, approaching the bold headland whereon the ghost of Hamlet's father made the night hideous in his transient re-visit to his native Denmark in his interview with his old friend Horatio and his bewildered son. Here we, in common with all vessels entering the Baltic Sea, paid toll to the

Dane, an impost no longer existing. Thanks to the American marine for its abolition. We pass the beautiful city of Copenhagen, with its fine spires and innumerable windmills. It appears that every action in life in Denmark is driven by the wind. Now, in the tideless Baltic, we experience the first blow, and lose our dog overboard, a fine Newfoundland fellow, much liked by the captain and all the crew.

We arrive at the mouth of the Dwina, and under the protection of the Czar of All the Russias. A custom-house boat manned by eleven men, the chief and ten rowers, who, with the exception of two, who were left in charge of the boat, boarded the sloop *sans ceremonie*. These unwelcome visitors put the captain and those of the crew who had been here before on the alert to guard against the notorious thieving propensities of the Russian serf. Our captain invited the officer to dinner, and while the splendid piece of English beef was cooking, the boat's crew, obtaining access to the hold, lessened the expense of discharging our ballast by stealing the chalk it contained. The bell announced the hour for dinner, when the captain, mate, and the officer, with keen appetites, sat down to partake of the hospitalities of the Ann Dalrymple, myself to wait on them. Pea soup was the first course, but in ladling out the soup the cook discovered that the beef had disappeared, and in the spirit of disappointment came aft to announce the sad disaster. It is supposed the meat was extracted from the boiling cauldron while the cook had turned around to feed his fire or other cause, and had then been dropped overboard into the thieves' own boat, to be hidden among the stolen chalk.



Some eight or ten miles up stream, after discharging the remainder of our ballast, we find ourselves safely moored, stern on, to the floating bridge in the harbor of the city of Riga.

Our voyage here being entirely speculative, and trade being dull, had the effect of prolonging our sojourn to an unprofitable extent, and, indeed, threatened to lock us up during the long, dreary months of a Russian winter. One more day's frost would have sufficed to settle that point. Happily, the captain was anxious to get home; and his half cargo of seed wheat and flax, being consigned to the port of Leith, which is only a few miles from his native place, where his wife and family lived, rather than run the risk of being detained all winter he tore himself away through a crust of ice three inches thick. This movement proved the more desirable from the fact that the Russian marine law forbids the use of fire on board ship while in harbor. All cooking must therefore be done on shore in rude sheds provided for the purpose. In these sheds there is a raised stone platform, whereon the fires of each ship are built and used. This establishment is presided over by an old soldier, evidently chosen for his cross-grained cruelty, and armed with a fearful weapon, composed of some half-dozen leather thongs, tipped with fire-hardening, and fastened to the end of a two-foot long stick, and woe betide the urchin who drifts under the real or fancied displeasure of this specimen of humanity, especially if his vessel hails from Britain,—that dear little spot, which appears to be at once hated and feared by the nations of the earth in proportion to their ignorance of her good

qualities. When gloating over his favorite amusement he was wont, in broken English, to give utterance by way of emphasizing his lashes, the following argumentative jargon: "Russman dobra, Prussman dobra, Daneman dobra, Frenchman dobra, Swedeman dobra, Spainman dobra," and the list had to correspond with the length of the chastisement, and could only be limited by the inflictor's average knowledge of geography.

Our passage to Scotland would have been monotonous but for the fact that the crew of a wrecked schooner took passage at Elsinore with us, and the captain of said crew, being fond of the bottle, and laying in a good supply of strong Holland gin for the voyage, and it never having been known that our good captain was in the habit of casting the delectable stuff over his left shoulder, had the effect of converting the virtuous cabin of the Ann Dalrymple into a Bacchanalian disgrace. Nor was the effect confined to the cabin.

Drunkenness produces a great variety of idiosyncracies of character on the part of its victims. Its pranks are manifested on no two alike. In this case the feeling of generosity was the attribute played upon. All had to taste, from mate to cabin-boy, and soon the forecastle out-heroded the cabin in thoughtless jollity, and by the time we reached the British coast there was not a man on board who was able to distinguish the revolving light on the promontory of Flamborough Head from that of the island of May, a hundred miles apart! (Need we marvel at the number of shipwrecks?) For five dark nights I was kept in the crosstrees looking out, and when the May was descried it was taken for the more southern light, and we veered to the north

accordingly. Nor were the dreamy eyes of the sapients undeceived until the rays of the morning light disclosed the fact of our near approach to Peterhead. Then, under the sense of shame and self-reproach, bustle and activity suddenly became the order of the day. To regain our lost way the better part of the east coast of Scotland had to be navigated against a light contrary wind, which cost us nearly two days. At length, after a pleasant sail up that beautiful estuary, the Firth of Forth, we arrived at our destination; and now the wage problem had to be solved. Inauspicious hour! The baneful effects of the late prolonged debauch, aggravated by an enforced sobriety, was revealing a sad change on the countenance of the usually kind-hearted captain. His wonted suavity had all departed and given place to a moroseness fearful to look upon. The hands were paid off, and I was called to settle up. I listened to a long list of all my shortcomings, some of which I was vain enough to deem exaggerated. He then requested me to sign a full discharge of all my claims against the *Ann Dalrymple*, and paid me two shillings and sixpence. The off-handed manner in which the captain had disposed of my claim on the *Ann Dalrymple* by the payment of half-a-crown I thought was open to reconsideration. It is true the contract was rather loosely drawn, and my expectations anything but extravagant, but an impartial retrospect of the voyage led me to believe that Captain Hutton's drunken "ipse dixit," if honest, was anything but liberal. I therefore sought an interview with that gentleman, but he had crossed the Firth to his family, and I was left to make the most of my

wealth. The weak has to take the wall. I suppose I tried to philosophize, and on my way east broke my half-crown in the purchase of a penny bap, which, moistened with clear water, made a very wholesome dinner for a dyspeptic, leaving a remnant of hunger to do the office of digesting another such meal, if such should fall in my way. As it fell out, I had at Trant to diminish the proceeds of my Baltic trip to satisfy the cravings of troublesome hunger till I reached my dreaded home.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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“ No shrine I seek to sects unknown ;  
Oh, point to me the path of truth !  
Thy dread omnipotence I own ;  
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.”

—*Byron.*

“ I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thy face, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.”

TO describe my feelings at this juncture of my hitherto useless existence is beyond my power. I remember having been assailed, for the first time, by a desire to die. I had heard of people dying by their own hands, but an idea of this kind, thank God, did not trouble me. I sat alone at the east end of Leith Links, with seventeen miles between me and my offended home, shoeless, and partially covered with rags, discharged as useless from my chosen field of action, and hunger craving to be appeased by the product of my three-months' voyage, which was still ensconced deeply in the pocket of my tarry canvas breeks. What shall I do to obviate swallowing the bitter pill of facing home? To call on Wright, the scene of Bonner & Co's ship-owner's scheme, I should be laughed at. My appearance would shock the refinement of the Davidson family, that of R. Millar, on the

North Bridge, my mother's cousin. It came to the alternative of the road to the Nungate or troubling my mother's sister, Mrs. Allan, a widow, a second thought of whose struggles decided the question.

My involuntary disguise I assisted, on passing points of the road where I was known, by drawing my canvas apology for a hat over my shamed face. Weary and footsore I approached the humble dwelling in the Nungate with fear and trembling. Self-condemned, like the prodigal son, I was incapable of estimating the power and elasticity of parental affection. My sins were as scarlet. How could they be forgiven?

The Nungate, on Tyne's eastern shore,  
Sae fraught wi' ancient classic lore,  
Its brig o' stane and lime,  
That's braved Tyne's rapid rising flood,  
And many a shock has firmly stood—  
Nae man can tell the time.

This fine old bridge of three arches was so narrow that two carts could not pass each other, and its Nungate approach was very little wider than the bridge. In this narrow street stands the old stone house wherein our little family had lived for many years; the house which the prodigal feared to enter. One end of the oblong building was devoted to baking the staff of life, while the other end, at least the front part of it, was employed as a shop, the entrance between which (though chilly) was open. Mustering sufficient courage to slide in I met my mother in the passage, and asked her for a penny loaf, holding out my hand, exposing the coin to pay for it. This step I thought necessary to counteract the supposed influence of my

personal appearance. Unable longer to hold out, in true Eastlothian vernacular I "grat," and said, "Mither, dae ye nae ken yer ain son?" My father came instantly ben, and Christ's beautiful parable was reenacted, followed by mistaken kindness, which, by dint of rich viands in an impoverished stomach, threw me into a violent fever, which kept me in bed for the remainder of the year. On the 20th of January, 1820, the nation was thrown into mourning by the death of George III, the good-intentioned, but weak and badly advised king, whose demise was shortly followed by that of his son, the Duke of Kent, father of the present queen. My brother lingered a few weeks, and passed away at the age of nineteen years.

Some eighteen months prior to his death a tragedy was enacted in which his most intimate friend, Peter Bowers, was made to act the principal part, and which I think is worthy of notice in this narrative. Peter was the only son of an aged lady residing near Dalkeith, and up to this fatal period his conduct inspired his mother and all his numerous friends with the most buoyant hopes of his future. He was apprenticed to Richard Catleugh, millwright and engineer in the Nungate, and when nearly out of his time he and R. Catleugh, Jr., were sent to repair the wauk mill of Mr. Weir, at Gifford. When the repairs were completed Mr. Weir brought out refreshments, accompanied by a bottle of "Scotland's skaith," as the judge on the trial called the contents. They all drank freely and got drunk. On their way home, laden with their tools, the two staggered on a party of rustics amusing themselves leaping from the more elevated footpath into the car

riageway. Peter challenged the best of them for twopence. The wager was taken up by an old plowman of the name of Saunders, in the employ of Robert Laurie, brother of Sir Peter Laurie, the great saddler, who subsequently became lord mayor of London. Peter Bowers lost the wager, and on the stakes being demanded refused to pay on the score of unfairness. An angry dispute arose, and although no blows were struck they had recourse to a more dangerous mode of warfare, that is, "maken a muck-heap," which is accomplished by getting the objectionable one down and then falling on top of him. The condition of Peter made him an easy opponent. Prostrate on the water-table lay the victim, and those heavy plowmen, one after another, throwing themselves upon him, he became exasperated to that degree that had his tools been handy the act he committed, if not deemed justifiable, would have been morally, if not legally, palliated. But the evidence clearly elicited the fact of his having traveled from the scene of the scuffle to the tree under whose branches he had deposited his tools, lifted his axe, retraced his steps, and, notwithstanding he foamed with rage, singled out his opponent and knocked his brains out. The trial was a solemn affair. I took a seat in the gallery of the court, which was that of the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh. The trial presented a picture such as can never be erased from my mind. For a graphic description thereof, the reader must fall back on Scott, in his "Heart of Midlothian." Up to the period of which I write, there had been very little change in the severe aspect of the administration of justice under the Scottish jurisprudence. There were



the judges, five in number, all wigged and ermined, the advocates pro and con, the barristers, briefed and briefless, the clerks of court, writers to the signet, sheriff, procurator fiscal, and fifteen jurymen, sworn to well and truly try the case between our sovereign lord the king and the prisoner at the bar, all solemnly assembled to redeem the offended law. Who is charged with breaking that law? The only son of that broken-hearted widow who sits weeping at the door, and to complete the awful scene, between two of the old city guard, in their picturesque uniform and Lochaber axes, the prisoner is ushered before that awful tribunal, which possesses the power either to restore him to the arms of a heart-broken mother in his wonted freedom, or to doom him to an ignominious death on the scaffold. All eyes were strained to trace the countenance of that anomalous youth whose appearance, and the record of whose life, gave the stern lie to the supposition that he could be guilty of such a crime of entertaining for one moment what is termed *malice prepense*. The brain and respectability of two counties were moved in his behalf, but sympathy was powerless in the face of the damning fact that the space between the scene of the homicide and that of the instrument of destruction used was sufficiently apart to allow of reflection. So the court opined, and hence the sable sealed unanimous verdict of an intelligent jury. Peter Bowers was doomed to die by the hands of the common hangman at the Tolbooth of Edinburgh on a given day, whereupon the whole community was aroused in his behalf. From ministers, elders, judges, teachers, even the lord lieutenant of East Lothian, came pouring in petitions

urging commutation. At length the executive yielded to an importunity which was unparalleled in the history of the court, and granted the questionable boon of substituting transportation for life and branding with the letter M, for the death penalty. In a letter from Peter two years later he declared that had the choice been left to him, while thankful for the kind sympathy of his friends, he would prefer the latter punishment. He further wrote that it lies beyond the power of tongue or pen to portray the horrors of transportation to penal settlements.

My fever abating, and otherwise convalescent, I found the London fever assuming the ascendant in my wayward cranium. I resolved to leave the scene of my birth forever, and on the 27th of November, 1820, embarked at Leith on board the *Lord Wellington* smack as a steerage passenger. We had a very rough passage of fourteen days' duration, having twice touched the coast of Norway. At length, with loss of bowsprit and some sails, and otherwise dilapidated, we found a haven in Harwich, in Norfolk. Those passengers who had means, and were impatient of delay, took coach for London. Among them was an Episcopal minister, upon whose shoulders were saddled all the disasters of the fourteen days' knocking about the North Sea by the superstitious crew, some of whom declared that without doubt a fair wind for the Thames would set in the moment we were well quit of the *Jonah*. A captain in the navy and some ten other cabin passengers joined the parson. Several remained on board, among whom was an officer in charge of a Highland female of the name of Ross, who was prisoner in the forecastle,

and who was transported for fourteen years to Van Dieman's Land. She had for years kept the Rob Roy public house on the shore of Leith, and was convicted of passing a forged Bank of England note, with a face promise of ten pounds. She had wealth and some influence. The exercise of the latter procured the privilege of taking a favorite grandchild into banishment with her. During the few hours we were in Harwich it became painful to witness the wild, unreasonable efforts of this woman to escape her punishment. She exposed two purses of a hundred sovereigns each, and offered them all to anyone who could put her ashore, a proposition made in the sight and hearing of vigilance personified. The eye and ear of the guardian angel were ever present at the only hatch or place of exit from her miserable berth, and therefore any attempt to cheat the Hulks at such a time and place would be akin to madness. On the morning of the 11th day of December the seers of the crew were confirmed in their prognostications on this occasion, for a more beautiful winter morning never dawned. The wind came in a stiffish breeze from the north, which had the effect of bringing out the south-bound fleet, which had been for more than two weeks accumulating along the coast in shelter, and a grander sight it never was my lot to behold before nor since. From Harwich harbor to the Pool at London was one dense forest of masts in danger of getting foul of each other. We are now above Gravesend, and with the exception of two unfortunate souls we were happy in the thought of safely arriving, after a passage of some danger and a good deal of rough experience. Now the government

boat awaits the arrival of the Wellington to receive the condemned one and her innocent grandchild, and to place them on board the detestable Hulks preparatory to a miserable voyage of six months' duration. We arrive abreast of the floating horror at Woolwich. The smack lays to, the boat is lashed alongside. A formal demand is made for the custody of the criminal, accompanied by papers explanatory of the departure on the part of the Scottish court. Intense interest was manifested on their behalf. After the trite farewell expressions a dead silence ensued, which was painfully affecting. The prisoner had kept her bunk nearly all the voyage. She was but little known to either the crew or passengers, who were taken by surprise on beholding a lady well and tastefully attired in satin, a rich veil partially concealing a good looking countenance that might have seen some forty-three years. The poor thing had donned her best attire for the occasion, doubtless looked upon as household gods, but which must, in a few minutes, be torn rudely from her person and replaced by the coarse, degrading habiliments of the convict.

"Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard." The law is very tender of its victims. See with what care and solicitude the half-hung wretch is recuscitated to fit him for his second, and it is to be hoped less bungling, execution. Mrs. Ross was kindly assisted over the gunwail of the Wellington, her rich dress tenderly adjusted below while descending the rope ladder into the boat. Just at this juncture a rich tenor voice, in imitation of the old song, struck up, "And shall I see your face again, and shall I hear you speak ; I'm down-

right dizzy wi' the thought, in troth I'm like to greet," and I can assure the reader that as the smack resumed her course the "greeting" was by no means confined to the singer. If there was a dry eye in that crowd, mine was too moist to detect it. The tenor was a Mr. Elliott, a tailor in Westminster. He was seconded by a fine young soldier returning from furlough, of the name of McCullough, of the Coldstream Guards, who by dint of his superior education was relieved of military duty, and employed all his time in the office of Earl Fitz Clarence, son of the Duke of Clarence, afterward William the Fourth, the sailor king. Before Charing Cross was metamorphosed I had met Mac in the King's Mew's barracks, the ground whereon stand the National Gallery, Nelson's monument, and surroundings. At six p.m. the Lord Wellington was safely moored at Downie's wharf, Wapping, after a tedious passage of fourteen days,—now done by rail in about as many hours. Twelve hours from Harwich, 100 miles, including the delay at Woolwich. On our arrival a search was made for contraband goods. A bottle of whisky found in the trunk of a steerage passenger was seized, and the fellow threatened with a fine. Pleading ignorance of the excise law the disputants drifted into the office. I went in with them, and who should follow at our heels but the naval officer and the minister, who had just arrived by coach from Harwich. On giving instructions to the clerks relative to their baggage when the vessel should arrive, they were informed that the Wellington had been lying at the wharf for the last hour, which they deemed incredible, being ignorant of the Jonah theory.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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“ The world is a bundle of hay,  
Mankind are the asses who pull ;  
Each tugs in a different way,  
And the greatest of all is John Bull.”

—*Byron.*

NOW I am in London, the city of the world ; the Scotchman's field of laudable effort ; the head and front of civilization ; the rewarder of merit, and the chastiser of everything low. This very spot, too, Downie's wharf, is suggestive of a retrospect which is by no means flattering to myself. Here, years ago, I spent a night on board the *Trusty*, Captain Christy, sent by my cold half-brother on my supposed way back to an offended home. Here pride gained the ascendancy and led me a dance up the *Baltic*, to escape an ordeal which that very step had the effect of aggravating to a ten-fold degree, but it may be all for the best. At least I know it's good to think so. I begin to feel the importance of the present juncture as a new starting point. I am in London ; I am eighteen years old, in possession of as many shillings as years in hard cash, a good sound constitution, a good trade at my finger ends, and a determination second to none. What, then, do I lack to insure success ? Judgment, sound judg-

ment. Alas ! that is an attribute that never has held a prominent place in the composition of my character. The wages of a journeyman baker in those days ran, for foremen, from 20 to 30 shillings a week ; for second hands, from 15 to 20 ; for third hands, from 9 to 14. My first place with Mr. Gibb, Silver street, Golden square, brought ten shillings a week.

This was obtained through the medium of what is termed in London a house of call. Every trade has its house or houses of call, and to the uninitiated they are very useful. They partake of the communistic and the office of intelligence principles combined. Those in place never allow the outs to starve. The landlord keeps a record of applications for men, and all the members are interested in supplying the wants of the trade in that direction in order to relieve themselves of a self-imposed tax. Having traveled the streets for six weeks, my exchequer down to a solitary shilling, the receipt of my first week's wage was very acceptable. Of course, a portion of this had to be applied to treat the boys who helped me to gain this round of the ladder by which to climb to fortune. Now all London was astir to have his first parliament opened in person by that notable specimen of royalty, George the Fourth. Riots having occurred at his coronation, when he rudely debarred Queen Caroline of the privilege, many were apprehensive that such might characterize this, his first public act as king. The town was divided, but such is the intoxicating effect of royal pageantry on the multitude that I should hesitate to give credence to that of which I was on that occasion an eye and ear witness. I took my stand among the gaping

crowd in Piccadilly, where his Majesty was coolly received. I was borne along in the living mass as near to the royal carriage, drawn by eight richly caparisoned horses, as I could get. At Charing Cross the coolness had ripened into a hiss. At the Horse Guards faint hisses mingled with loud cheers, down Parliament street cheers gaining the ascendancy, and by the time the cavalcade arrived at the parliament house no sound but the most throat-cracking huzzas saluted my unsophisticated ear. Consistency, thou art a jewel! Aspiring to a higher round in the ladder after the coronation I soon found a second hand's place of seventeen shillings with Mr. Baldie, of Frith street, Soho square. During this year (1822) the King visited Scotland, and who should have the honor of being the chosen few to accompany him became the theme of angry controversy and much jealousy in high places,—so much so that the celebrated Lord Castle-reagh retired in high dudgeon to his country seat, and destroyed himself by severing his jugular vein. The King in his caprice had taken into his social councils a rich, ignorant baker of the name of Sir William Curtis, the man who, it is said, proposed at a Bacchanalian spree a toast of “the three C’s,” and on being asked to explain said the three C’s stood for Church, King and Curtis. This man was at this period cartooned and caricatured as no other man ever was, and he had in his mansion a very large apartment in which to display them. One I well remember. He was dressed in a grotesque Highland costume, and for a sporran, hanging from the lower part of his huge body, an immense turtle, of the flesh of which



creature he was known to be passionately fond. The King had the bad taste to carry this voluptuous ignoramus with him to the north, creating thereby a good deal of gossiping scandal from his coarseness. Strange conduct on the part of one who was said to be the first gentleman in Europe! The new Marriage Act was made law this year, as also the new Bread Law, doing away with the quartern and half-quartern loaves, rendering it penal to sell bread otherwise than by weight. About this time I became acquainted with Sophia Grainger, a young lady, the only daughter of an elderly widow lady living on her means in Somers Town. To the influence of this dear lady, morally and physically speaking, I confess to standing indebted for my salvation. The life of a journeyman baker in London is, to say the least, anomalous. Without the advantages of domesticity he is held in a species of slavery by his employers by means of the domestic tie. Bakers must sleep on the premises of the scene of their daily and nightly labor. Their barracks, as their sleeping apartment is termed, run from decent to the beastly. An incident may suffice to show the nature of the latter. I had aspired to the altitude of foreman, and engaged with a gentleman who shall here be nameless. The bakehouse, as usual, was in the cellar, the oven beneath the public pavement.

I asked for the barracks, wherein to deposit my surplus clothing, and was disgusted on being led into a dark nook in the cellar, fitted up with bunks for beds, and entirely without a chance of light or ventilation. My first impulse was to leave, but the thoughts of my

new elevation induced me to stay to learn. This man was very religious; employed much of his time distributing religious tracts among the denizens of the neighboring mews, abolished Sunday trading, established domestic family worship in his splendid parlor, at which on Sunday morning all the domestics, male and female (three of each), were requested to attend, which I did once, and could not help thinking that that was once too often. I remained in his service six months, and on being asked my reasons for non-attendance at family worship I told him that after a night's rest in such a bed, in such a place, I failed to find myself in a frame of mind suitable for worship, and therefore should leave his service next Saturday night, which I did, and was afterward glad to learn that the rebuke was not thrown away. The hours of labor, too, are drawn out to an ungodly degree. Commencing at eleven p. m., his day's work is spun out till the following p. m. about six during the six lawful days in the week, and on Sundays from nine till two. Notwithstanding the limited time given him for rest and recreation it must be acknowledged that the hours were often very injudiciously spent. Dancing among the Scotch bakers laid claim to the hours that belonged to the bed and the book, and that thoughtless pastime taking a prominent part in the long list of my weaknesses I easily fell a victim to the fascinating maze. To keep the arrangement free from objectionable characters some twenty of us hired the Bedform rooms, High Holborn, for two nights in the week. These rooms were kept by a highly respectable family of the name of Trevest, who seemed to be well pleased with our par-

ties, as well they might, for in the whole course of subsequent experience I have failed to witness anything of the kind so well conducted.

During 1825 I worked for Mr. Tate, corner of Hand Court, High Holborn. There I received the painful news of my father's death at eighty-four years of age. The celebrated banker Fauntleroy was executed at the Old Bailey in that year. Led on by the fascinations of a Mrs. Forbes he committed the most heartless frauds and caused the total ruin of numbers, among whom were many widows and orphans. About this epoch Daniel O'Connell was causing some uneasiness in the councils of conservatism by his telling appeals to the people in behalf of Catholic emancipation. He is also charged with creating a movement which, in later years, under the auspices of his more fiery and less politic co-adjutor, Fergus O'Connor, gave some trouble and a good deal of apprehension. It was rumored also that he (Daniel O'Connell) wrote the celebrated document called the "Charter," which advocated a thorough change of government, rendered the more lucid to the masses by its distinguishing features, called points, viz: (1) Universal suffrage, (2) vote by ballot, (3) annual parliaments, (4) non-property qualification, (5) payment of members of parliament; in opposition to the present system of septennial parliaments: (2) Open voting, (3) property qualification of the exercise of the franchise, (4) non-payment of members of parliament, (5) property qualifications of members of parliament.

This document called for a wide departure from the then present system, which, with all its faults, had stood the brunt of many a hard-fought battle and

borne the nation on to a state of prosperity which was the envy of the world. Still the reforming spirit had fairly fastened on that wonderful people. It seemed that an obscuring veil had been withdrawn from the nation's vision, and suddenly exposed to view the most glaring inconsistencies. It saw and marveled at old Gatten and old Sarum, sitting in their easy conservative chairs, playfully manufacturing political tools to help existing powers, to prolong monopolies aged in plethora. It saw busy Birmingham, with all its ingenuity and all its energy, voiceless in the law-making process, and wondered at its own blindness. Now monopoly trembled in its most impregnable stronghold—the Bank of England, the East India Company, the West India interest, with its system of human bondage, the high-handed landed interest lording it over the million in taxing the laborer's loaf. All these, with a thousand and one intermediate abuses, requiring the pruning-knife or, like the blasted fig-tree, rooting out. What a sickle-waiting harvest! Who the laborers? The house is divided against itself. The privileged class will have all things remain as they are. Open once the flood-gates of reform and who shall say what part of our sacred constitution will sustain the shock? The shallow-thinking understrata, taking pattern from a neighboring nation, would have all things swept away that they may, in their wisdom, begin anew. But, happily, there is in Great Britain a wiser, sounder, deeper-thinking middle class.

In their horny hands the sickle placed,  
Whate'er they undertake is ne'er disgraced.

The happy blending of the two antagonisms ap-

pears to the subscriber as the course of wisdom. Surely he must be a blind reformer whose composition lacks the valuable ingredient of conservatism, and vice versa, the conservatism of an individual lies open to objection who opposes the removal of a palpable abuse, even if actuated by fear of consequences. I was working in Mount street, Grosvenor square, among the élite of the metropolis, when the first blow was struck at the West India monopoly by admitting the saccharine products of the Mauritius at an equal ratio of duty with those of the West Indies, which had the effect of rendering their entire property unproductive, and which paved the way for the abolition at a later day of that blot which for so many years had stained the otherwise fair escutcheon of Great Britain—human slavery. Under the auspices of Earl Grey the growing agitation for reform in parliament was fast ripening into an irresistible force. All the reformers seemed to agree to concentrate their forces on some such measure as would augment the popular voice, well knowing that by increased facilities each particular hobby would be more easily attained. The Irish patriot was waxing strong when the Duke of York, in his Protestant zeal, in his place in parliament, made a violent anti-Catholic speech, ending in a solemn oath to do all in his power, while life lasted, to prevent Catholics sitting in parliament. This speech was printed in letters of gold, on vellum, and distributed broadcast over the kingdoms three, while Dan went on in the even tenor of his way.

One of the most prominent men of the day was Henry Brougham. His father, Brougham of Vaux, in Cumberland, in his youth repaired to the Scottish cap-

ital, and married the sister of Robertson, the historian, and I believe Harry was the only issue of that union. He distinguished himself in his profession, and in literary circles was one of the brightest ornaments of that famous galaxy of talent which adorned Edinburgh at that epoch; but, like all aspiring Scotchmen, he partook at an early date of the London fever, and the tone of his ambition may be gathered from the expression he is said to have made use of when taking farewell of his friends and stepping into his carriage. "Good-by, friends," he said, "here goes the future Lord Chancellor of England"—a prognostication which was verified under very peculiar circumstances. He was one of those retained to defend the character of Queen Caroline in opposition to the vile charges and insinuations advanced against that unhappy lady by an unkind husband and the pandering sycophants of a corrupt court. The evidence of the Duke of Clarence had been adduced against the Queen when H. R. H. for a short time left the court, and on his return, and when about to take his seat, Brougham was in the midst of a volley of invectives against the enemies of his client such as no other man could wield. In the heat of argument he had the daring to utter the following words: "Notwithstanding the evidence of that royal slanderer now resuming his seat, the royal lady at the bar of this court is as innocent of the crimes and follies with which she is charged as the child unborn." We now leave the future lord to fight his own battles against a host of enemies in high places, increased in numbers and virulence by his action on the Queen's trial; but if his prestige was impaired in the aristocratic ranks by his intem-

perate language on that trial it was more than compensated for by the rise in the tide of popular sentiment.

My acquaintance with Sophia had, in the course of four years, ripened into an inseparable attachment, and we mutually came to the conclusion that her mother should be made acquainted with our true position. My humble position in life made me backward, but the ordeal passed in a cordial reception, and my mind was much relieved by the prospect of the termination of a sort of vagabond life which naturally pertains to an undomesticated domestic. None but those who have been deprived of the amenities of life can possibly appreciate their true value. The gates were thrown open to a golden elysium—a happy home in which I was made most welcome.

1824. At this time, in a way stripped of all ostentation, was borne the mortal remains of England's great poet, Lord Byron, on its way from Missolonghi, in Greece, where he died, to their final resting-place in Hacknall, near Newstead Abbey, the seat of his ancestry. Mine eyes beheld his faithful Fletcher following his beloved master's bier in the simple cortege proceeding through the streets of Camden Town, in the northern district of London. There were very few of his former admirers present. Amongst the few could be distinguished his bosom-friend, John Cam Hobhouse. Most of the élite who danced around the poet during his hours of idleness contented themselves on this solemn occasion by sending their empty carriages—a fitting representation of most of the hearts who owned them. With the honorable exceptions, I would say—

## CHAPTER XV.

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“The best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men  
Gang aft a-gley.”

MY boon companion at that time in London was a noble fellow of the name of John Hay, whose father was under-steward or grieve of the estate of Richardson of Pitfour, in the Carse of Gowrie. John was paying his addresses to the handsome daughter of the janitor of Clement’s Inn (one of the inns of court), who was well to do in addition to his good position, and was pretty free in giving nice little entertainments to his numerous acquaintances and friends, at which Sophie and I were welcome guests. At one of these social gatherings John (full of fun) rose and gravely proposed that inasmuch as there were two young men present who were daring enough to signify their intention of entering into the bonds of matrimony, but who were, while yet free, desirous of visiting their native land across the Tweed, that their affianced brides, now also present, be required to vouchsafe their full, untrammelled consent, in the presence of this company, to the said young men’s absence for a reasonable time, for that purpose. The acquiescence obtained, the wherewithal to carry out the proposition became a matter of grave solicitude. John had it. The Eliza,



of Newburgh, Captain James Pitkethly, would be in port with a load of Perth Reds (the fashionable potato of the day) and then you'll see how glad he will be to find room for us in his good sloop Eliza on her passage north. The Eliza in due time delivered her reds at the wharf. A bargain was struck, and in glorious weather, lightly ballasted, and with hearts to match, we set sail for Scotland. In a few days we put into Sunderland for a load of coal. Arriving off the port too late in the evening, our signals were unperceived on the shore and we had to chop about in the offing all night with the lights of the tempting town on which to cast our longing eyes. At early morn I had the pleasure of steering the Eliza through the arch of that which was considered the highest bridge in England at that period. This bridge was built at the expense of one Rolland Bordan, who had for years been subject to great inconvenience in his climbing the steep, rocky banks of the Wear to and from his work. To span this chasm by bridge became the ruling thought of his mechanical mind, but continued poverty forbade the hope of ever becoming able even to assist in the accomplishment of his lifelong desire. Still, by pinching economy, he saved enough of his wages to enable him to buy a sixteenth part of a share in a public lottery, which he did secretly, not even letting his own wife know anything of it, and when the glad tidings arrived, announcing the fact that Rolly (as he was familiarly called) was enriched to the extent of twenty thousand pounds, she could not understand a word of the half-written, half-printed form which proved the basis of her husband's happiness. She therefore called a few of her neighbors in to

explain, which they did, coupling their explanation with advice that the good news should be broken to Rolly in such a manner as not to turn his brain, "for indeed we have," said they, "noticed of late his blathering a good deal about an imaginary brig across the Wear, and in the evening we will break the tidings to him in such a manner as shall be the least likely to disorder the mental faculties of Rolly Bordan." Their plan was approved by Mrs. Bordan. They went on their mission, met Rolly at the Mitre tavern over his beer and pipe, sat down uninvited to participate in a social chat. The object of the visit of these self-elected delegates had to be wormed out of them by Rolly himself, who, instead of being excited by the good news, was the coolest in the company, and asked all present to fill their glasses and drink a bumper with him. He had a toast to propose. All were charged, and now for the rich man's sentiment. All eyes fixed on the hero of the hour, he coolly rose from his seat, laid his long pipe aside, scanned the well known features of his companions, and said, in the most provokingly dispassionate manner: "Friends, here's better luck still," a toast which is proverbial in that neighborhood up to the present time. The crowning desire of Rolly's long, useful life was singularly verified in his living to see accomplished by the application of means rendered legally his own by an unjustifiable process of gambling legitimized by the blind legislation of the day, happily long since ignored. Laden with coal, the prow of our goodly craft was turned to the scene of her birth, and she seemed, by her lively bearing, to participate in the feeling of all on board, making good the saying

that after a' there's nae place like hame. A distant view of the Bass-rock and the island of May on our larboard bow, and the classic Bell-rock on our starboard bow, we kissed the estuary of Scotia's chiefest river, the Tay, and on the morning of the eighth day from London we were abreast of bonny Dundee, a big fire in the heart of the town illuminating the scene at the time. On the following day we left the Eliza safe where first she embraced that element on which she proved an ornament of utility and for many years earned the bread of one of the most respectable families in Newburgh. We bade farewell to her kind-hearted, hospitable owner, Captain Pitkethly, for aye to dwell in thought, but never again in this life to see. It may indeed be said and sung "where the sweet waters meet." Ferried across the Tay, I was soon safely under the roof of as kind, warm-hearted a family as has ever been my good fortune to meet. Mr. Hay's cottage in the village of Pitfour is sheltered by the elms of the estate of his employer, whose confidence he seemed, as land-steward, to enjoy. A little beyond the meridian of life, may be said of both in age. Of family they had but two, John, my friend, who had been in London for several years, and James, who remained at home, and who became indispensably necessary to the country around as a contractor in carrying out agricultural improvements, especially in drainage. The poet truly says: "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley." Our London-formed programme we found impracticable at the northern end.

It was now three years since my father died, and not having seen my mother in the interim I was too

anxious to remain in the carse during the stipulated time (a month), so we had to rearrange our plans, and for that purpose John accompanied me to Haddington. I found my mother very feeble, and living alone in a small cottage, happily close to the house occupied by Robert Allan and family, who looked after her kindly. Robert was eldest son of her sister Mary.

#### NORTH OF THE FIRTH.

I am now seated on the apex of the rising ground of Raith, near Kircaldy, and thinking that :

Whoe'er would view Edina to the life,  
Must e'en surmount the classic hills of Fife,  
The Firth, embraced in all his golden sheen,  
Will beautify the tints that intervene.  
The busy marts of thrift on either shore  
The limner's mind will ecstasy the more.  
The Bass, the Isles of May, Cramond, Inchkeith,  
Her ain ancient thriving port of Leith,  
Approaching vessels looming through the haze  
Her frowning fort with jealous eye surveys;  
The pier, O, Granton! gift of good Buccleugh,  
The village famed for fish and caller ou'!  
The laughing burn that warbles through the Dean,  
Whose banks are rich, though unco sma' the stream.  
Sic points of interest in harmony combined  
Elsewhere it would be difficult to find.

And now a last, fond lingering view of the scenes of my early days, and turn to those of a world comparatively cold and unknown. These are the finger-posts that force upon the traveler in his weary passage through life the heart-breaking regrets of the past, the uncertainty of the present and the dark forebodings of the future. A few steps down the northern slope

seemed to shut me out from all that was worth living for in this world. With a heavy heart and foot-sore I walked across the ancient fertile kingdom of Fife (22 miles), nor rested until I arrived at the beautiful loch of Lindores, a sweet spot which subsequently became very dear to me from kind friends in Chicago, hailing from Newburgh and the parish of Abney (in which this delightful sheet of water is situated). Waiting anxiously till dark for James Hay's boat to row me over the Tay, I then gave him up, and finding there was no ferry across the Tay short of the confluence of the Earn with the Tay, I reluctantly undertook the journey, which in the darkness was no small task. I had some difficulty in getting through the wood, but a great deal more when I did get through it, for I found Mr. W., the ferryman, and family, all asleep, and the door guarded by a chained bull-dog.

Throwing up gravel against the window for some time brought out a head and shoulders, with a stentorian, Who is there? I told him that he had six weeks ago put my friend John Hay and myself across to Pitfour, and that I particularly wanted to cross to-night, and I would pay extra for his trouble. Reminding me that he charged nothing for the last crossing, which was true, he seemed to close the window in anger, and I suppose, like Taylor's Monsieur Tonson's Frenchman, essayed another snooze by bringing his Kilmarnock cool in contact with his pillow. But no, my brave boatman, emphatically No! You refuse to put me across a dangerous stream in the darkest hour of the night. You keep your house closed against the stranger and virtually leave him to perish while you

coolly seek repose. The drama, methinks, would be incomplete unless I played my part. I thus soliloquized. With gravel in hand the resolve was taken that inasmuch as I was deprived of sleep myself it became my part to prevent the inmates of that anti-Scottish, inhospitable mansion from tasting, at least for the remainder of the night, "tired nature's sweet restorer," so up went the gravel. The dog, too, had a sleepy spell, and slap went a volley of sharper stuff right into his kennel, which aroused him up to concert pitch in a mighty quick time, and I found in him a valuable auxiliary in the concert up to the close of the performance. Peppering away at every window of chambers wherein I thought nerves required tickling, at length I heard the window reopen, and out came the same Kilmarnock cool and the same head and shoulders, but with a fiercer aspect, and asked in the name of his satanic majesty what I meant. I said, you have cruelly deprived me of my night's rest by refusing the rights of a public ferry. You keep your house closed against me, a stranger. You rudely closed your window when I was about to make a proposition which I will make now if you will deign to hear it. Considerably appeased, he replied, Well, what is it? It is not to retrace my steps through that horrid wood in the dark, but to scull myself over the Tay, only giving me the use of a staunch boat and a good oar. Those you shall have if you like to run the risk, he said, but I warn you of the danger of the current, pointing in the dark in the direction in which to find what I wanted, and the window was closed. The contending currents of the two rivers make the passage somewhat danger-

ous at this point, rendered more so by the peculiar position of Mugdrum Island. The night was so dark that I could not see a boat's length from me, but I found land on my starboard bow, and from my little knowledge of the topography of the spot saw that I had drifted out of my course and was gliding down the current of the Tay between the carse and the island, which, if not early discovered, would have by daylight led me into immense labor to recover lost ground. But thanks to my early nautical experience I was enabled to redeem my false position, and with an extra hour's hard sculling against the stream landed safely on the Pitfour estate. I confess to having entertained, in the evil spirit of retaliation, a notion of turning the old man's boat adrift, but a moment's reflection brought back the better feeling, and I moored her as arranged to a tree. Traveling over three fields and climbing over fences terminated a day's journey such as I hope never again to undergo.

To my agreeable astonishment I found the whole of the Hay family up and waiting my arrival, with supper steaming hot. They had received my letter at an hour too late to enable Jamie to get to Newburgh in time with his boat, and took for granted I would reach Pitfour by the very means which I had adopted, little dreaming of the misery brought about by the lateness of the hour and the obdurate old sleepy Charon. However, thank God, that is all over, and the cheering effect of one hour of the hospitality of the Hays of Pitfour suffices to obliterate the remembrance of anything unpleasant in reaching it. I had not long enjoyed it before I discovered that John's letter to Haddington

was a ruse, for, as braw a toon as Lonun is, there was no desire manifested in Pitfour to get to it. On the contrary, there were a thousand and one things to be attended to before London could be thought of. Hadn't we to see the lions of Dundee, its kirks, its docks, its bonnet hill, its factories, shops, and the bonny house of Duncan's at the Magdalene, and, above all, the ride through the carse of Gowrie. Our friends at Errol, too, demand a day. Then the view from the hill of Kinnoul must not be omitted, not even the old home of the Richardsons, nor Camperdown, the seat of our naval hero, Lord Duncan, and to leave the fair city of Perth and the royal palace of Scone unscanned would simply be unpardonable. And then the Earn, Sir David Moncreiff's, and the brig of Earn, and Abernethy, with its Pictish tower. To omit the fair at Abernethy cannot be thought of. There you will find a gathering of the most antique, grotesquely habited people that is to be found, I believe, in the world. "This is all very well, John, indeed, it's grand," said I, "but what says the belle of Clement's inn to it? Do you enjoy a London epistle occasionally, as I do? If so, I presume the tenor of them are pretty similar regarding these two Scotch runaways."

"You are right," said John, "and I must say that under the chastening rod of one of these epistles I wrote you that letter, and felt as I wrote, but now regret being the instrument of tearing you away so abruptly from your folks in Haddington, particularly your aged mother. Now we are here I feel like taking a few more days in this blessed country before we unscotch ourselves by returning to that degrading



slavery which is involved in the life of a journeyman baker in London."

John's eloquence I never could withstand. On the present occasion I was reminded of Ingomar's two hearts beating with one pulsation. So that whatever had been cut and dried we had to do, and two weeks were most agreeably spent in getting through the programme, when we bade farewell to the bonny carse o' Gowrie and took our berths on board of a London smack at Dundee, and in five days were sailing on the bosom of old Father Thames, landed safely near the Tower stairs, and spent the evening at a friend's house in Holywell street, Westminster. We found our intended brides respectively in good health, and in both cases the course of true love running (strange to say) unexceptionably smooth.

## CHAPTER XVI.

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### LONDON.

“ Each year to ancient friendship adds a ring as to an oak, more and more precious without the aid of any merit of our own.”

TO resume such labor as falls to the lot of a journeyman baker in London after so delightful and extended a season of recreation I own was rather irksome to me. But necessity has no law, and our respective characters were such as to remove all obstacles in finding employment in the metropolis, and our exchequer pretty low, so we stripped to the inevitable. John went to work near Pentonville, I in Millbank street, Westminster. In my employer, Mr. Archibald Michie, I found the most extraordinary man it had ever been my lot to meet. He was a student, a deep thinker, in fact, a practical philosopher. In later years I never read Carlyle or any other luminary in the field of letters but my mind was involuntarily carried back to that Aberdonian sage. The only blemish I could discover in him was what in my maturer years I have been led to deem his chiefest attribute, his discipline, which I then thought partook somewhat too much of the tight disciplinarian to be tolerated, and actually was the means of severing a year's relationship which was both pleasurable and profitable to me. His public

character is well worthy of imitation, and I make mention of one effort of his which resulted in much good to the community:

Previous to the county court system of reform, in the adjudication of small debts there existed a court called the court of requests, an institution of antiquity and of corresponding abuse. The accumulating funds were manipulated by commissioners in a very unsatisfactory manner for years, bidding defiance to the press and others who dared to counsel investigation. At length Mr. Michie undertook to cleanse the Augean stable single-handed. After struggling for years against all odds, among whom were many lawyers of ability whose interest made them inimical to any change, to the satisfaction and advantage of a discerning public, succeeded. Mr. Michie may justly be said to be the originator of the county court system now prevailing. Cautioned against living with and working for this gentleman, for the reason that in all his domestic matters his discipline was such that no man could conform to it long, my answer was that I should like to live with a disciplinarian in order to acquire a little knowledge of that quality, the lack of which has been the bane of my whole life. I took my own course and became so much attached to my employer that the feelings of respect and admiration ultimately partook of the character of a species of hero worship. During the twelve months I lived with Mr. Michie the nation was thrown into mourning by the death of the king, George the Fourth, who died in Windsor Cottage in 1830. Some scandal arose from the fact that the Marchioness of Conynghame, against the popular preju-

dice, persisted in remaining at the cottage to nurse the king till his last breath. There were those who scouted the idea of impropriety on the part of the Marchioness. Among such I think it proper to make mention that Sophia's mother, Mrs. Jones, who lived many years in the family of the Marquis of Conynghame and nursed their son, Lord Mount Charles, bore testimony that all the years she was in the family she never heard the breath of scorn advanced against the lady. Mrs. Grainger lost her husband while in the service of that family, and while yet Mount Charles was in infancy, and at the urgent request of the Marchioness, while the Marquis was raising a regiment for the service of the crown, was induced to remain in an easy and comfortable position. The widow's weeds were scarcely doffed when the serene decorum of Mr. Jones, himself a widower and many years butler of the castle, got so bewildered by daily contact with the smiling countenance of the buxom widow that it attracted the attention of the Marchioness, and as match-making formed one of the most successful features of her ladyship's pastime the opportunity could not be passed unembraced, so that in due time the mansion rung with joy at the changing a Scottish name for that of a Welsh one. The couple desired to leave, but the heads of the house met the proposition with an emphatic veto, the marquis saying: "We must not leave our work half done. With your kind co-operation we have accomplished much; a little more exertion and we shall secure the complement of men necessary, and then think of the glory of presenting our noble king with as splendid a regiment of Irishmen as ever fought under the flag of the three

united kingdoms. Stay and return to London with us, and share our laurels, a share to which you are justly entitled. I am not insensible to the popularizing effect of what I often deemed an impertinent interference with the maintenance of discipline. I now see that, deprived of your active humanity, the recruiting sergeant would have perambulated in vain."

Mrs. Jones grew gray in the Conynghame family, but not so with Mr. Jones, who, in about a year after their marriage, was taken down with a fever that baffled the best skill within reach, and died about fifty years of age, very much respected. He left his widow, who was about forty, some property, which was judiciously invested, and on the proceeds of which she and her daughter Sophia frugally lived. Anything occurring to disturb the relationship between my employer and myself I thought impossible, but after twelve months' smooth sailing the sunken rock was struck at last. One Saturday evening I left the shop at seven o'clock for Somers Town, a good hour's walk, and leaving Sophia at forty-five minutes past nine, being fatigued, an hour and a quarter was consumed in the transit. I arrived at Mr. Michie's door as the clock at Lambeth Palace was striking eleven. The door was closed. I looked through the key-hole and there saw Mr. Michie standing with a lighted candle in his hand, which he instantly blew out. I knocked again and again, but no answer. I asked through the key-hole if he intended to let me in. No answer. The wind was high and cold, and I then told him that it was very bad treatment, but it was the last time he should have the power of closing his door against me on a Saturday night. I was glad to take

shelter in a public house in the neighborhood, but sleep I could not. In the morning I made my appearance for work. We met. Calm generally follows the storm, but in this case we had the calm first, then came the storm:

DIALOGUE: "Why did you break the rule last night that you have kept so well?" "Sir, I beg your pardon; you broke the rule, and that in a heartless manner, not I. But you cannot again act so inhospitably to me, for I will never make application to get into your house again." "Do you mean to say that you give up your place?" "I did not say that, but if my situation as your foreman depends on the ridiculous Saturday night rule, our relationship terminates next Saturday." He seemed chagrined at the result. Each was too proud to yield, but in the course of the week he seemed more considerate, and on Friday he condescended to ask if it was my intention to leave on the morrow. I told him I had no desire to leave a place I liked so well.

"Then, if you'll stay, I will raise your wages two shillings a week, but of course you must comply with my rules." In vain I told him that the lady I visited was respectable, and that she was about to become my wife, and that the only evening we could be together was Saturday, and to be dragged away from one you love simply to comply with a rule that should be more discriminating, and which amounts in my case to cruelty, and therefore not entitled to respect. I was sorry to perceive that the last remark hurt the feelings of the man whom I esteemed as a benefactor. We parted kindly, but parted in sorrow. I was gratified to find

that my leaving was approved of by Mrs. Jones, who for the first time inquired into my prospects in the immediate future. I informed her that at the death of my mother I should be put into possession of two hundred pounds, but that the interim was gloomy. She then, to my astonishment, said that if so small a sum as two hundred pounds could be made available of getting me into business, I could have that amount tomorrow. In thanking her for such a munificent offer I said, I think it might be well to look around for a few days and consult the columns of the *Times*. A week had not elapsed when the business of Mr. Fair, of Holywell street, Westminster, was advertised for sale. To ascertain the true value of a business a few days are required to investigate. In doing so I had to pass Mr. Michie's shop. One day he called me in and asked if it were true that I possessed the sum of two hundred pounds and that I was taking steps to throw it away? In answer to his inquiries, seeing that he was actuated by a desire to serve me, I unbosomed myself. Then he gave me to understand the true value of character, and was pleased to say that my character, backed with the amount of cash in hand, would command the good will of any business in town to the extent of a thousand pounds. Even now there is in the market a business in Peckham worthy of your notice. You may step over there now and give my compliments to Mrs. Wighton, and offer her seven hundred pounds for the unexpired twelve years of her twenty-one years' lease. Entirely ignorant of the means to be employed in raising a sum so far beyond my present capacity, I ventured a query, which was met by, "Do as I tell you, and lose no time."

Born to command, his fiat is law. In obedience to this mysterious dictum I found myself on Tanner's coach to Peckham, and presently in contact with a fine business lady, Mrs. Wighton.

DIALOGUE: "I am informed the good will of this business is for sale. Are you authorized to treat with a bidder?" "I am." (The reader is informed that the price of a business of this kind in London is mainly gauged by the number of sacks of flour consumed per week, each sack containing 280 pounds.) "How many sacks?" "Eight." "Length of lease?" "Twelve years to run." "Price?" "Eight hundred pounds." "That's high. Won't you take less?" "I would rather have more," she said; "but Mr. Wighton put the price down low in consequence of the distance between here and his new business at Chelsea." "If you will allow me to examine your books I will make you an offer." "Certainly, there are the books," which I found straight, and on the strength of this I offered seven hundred pounds. This would not do, and it required all of two minutes to dock the price to the extent of fifty pounds, and ten more minutes for the cleverest woman in business I had ever met, to handsomely tumble down to my terms.

On reporting progress to my mentor I waited instructions for the second act in the drama, but hadn't long to wait. "You want to raise five hundred pounds, for I take it for granted the terms of your offer are cash. You will therefore meet Mr. —, the miller, at the Bridge House Hotel, Blackfriars, to-morrow, at two o'clock." Ten minutes anterior to that hour I stood before a man in livery, who obsequiously asked my busi-



ness. On being informed he seated me in a handsome parlor, saying Mr. — would be present in five minutes. Punctually the presence of Mr. — was felt as well as seen.

DIALOGUE: "Your name is David Johnston, I believe?" "Yes, sir." "And you want to borrow five hundred pounds of me, do you not?" "I really don't know, sir. Mr. Michie requested me to seek an interview with you, and it is true that I stand in need of that sum to enable me to complete the purchase of a business in Peckham." "That is just like Michie. What security have you to offer for the loan of five hundred pounds?" "I have no security to offer." "If I should lend you that sum, at five per cent interest, how do you intend to pay it back?" "As soon as I can in order to get rid of the interest." "Any objection to leave the lease with me while you are under the obligation?" "None whatever." "Or to insure your life for that sum?" "None." "When do you want this money?" "We have arranged with Mrs. Wighton to take possession on the day following my wedding, which will take place at St. Pancras Church on Monday next. I should like the money on the day of taking possession." "You shall have it. Good-day; I wish you joy, and prosperity in business."

On the following Monday was duly solemnized, in New St. Pancras Church, New Road, the rites of marriage between David Johnston and Sophia Grainger, and on the day following we took possession of a home in which we spent our honeymoon. I may say, indeed, that the cream of my existence was spent in Peckham, of which more anon.

## CHAPTER XVII.

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**I**N 1831 I mingled in the gaping crowd to see the Sailor King (in the habit of an admiral) and his Queen Adelaide open that noble structure of Scotch granite, New London Bridge, planned and constructed by an East Lothian man (Sir John Rennie). The scene was one of grandeur and magnificence. The Thames was literally covered with boats of all kinds and dimensions, each having its stem and stern adorned with gay flags and streamers, and filled with folks in their richest apparel. Among the notables present on that occasion (men who had done their state some service, but who are now all in their graves) it was easy to distinguish the hero of a thousand fights, the Iron Duke, his brother-in-arms, the Marquis of Anglesea, Earl Grey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by all the civic officers in official garbs and barges, and the representatives of the Admiralty and Trinity House, and to complete the scene the old, gray, antique Tower of London, all the public buildings and the spires of all the churches were adorned with flags. In 1832, under the auspices of England's most consistent reformer, Lord John Russell, the controversy of nearly thirty years on the subject of reform of parliament took the shape of a bill, whose every schedule was severely scrutinized in and out of parliament, and ultimately became law, followed by similar meas-

ures for Scotland and Ireland, whereby large cities were enfranchised and privileged rotten boroughs cut off. Then came in quick succession reform in every department of the state. First on the list was the repeal of the test and corporation acts, which had so long disgraced the annals of British legislation. The strength attained by the popular powers by these measures was sensibly felt through every class of society. Even the king, from outward pressure, felt himself under the disagreeable necessity of taking into his counsels the distinguished leaders of the distasteful opposition, prominent among whom was Brougham, who, by virtue of his appointment as Lord Chancellor, became the keeper of the conscience of the very man who at an earlier day he stigmatized in open court as a royal slanderer. The Duke of Newcastle, too, was practically made to understand that he could not do as he liked with what he was pleased to call his own. His rotten boroughs had to share the fate of that which formed the most profitable feature of a £60,000 purchase made by Sir Mark Wood, who in his place in the Commons had the audacity to ask the house if it considered it fair to deprive him of the privilege of returning two members to parliament through the instrumentality of a constituency of seven voters, some of whom were his own servants. About this time the altered tariff pressed heavily on the West India interest, and that which the philanthropy and eloquence of Clarkson, Wilberforce and others failed to do was accomplished easily on touching the pocket. The moment that Jamaica planters and those of other islands found their estates had ceased to be self-sustaining, and their slaves an

absolute burden, they were willing to negotiate with the government for a bonus. The generosity of England is proverbial, but this virtue is not always exercised with prudence. The efforts of the people of the united kingdoms are patent to the world in behalf of human freedom. But saddling a willing people with a debt of twenty million pounds for an article which had outlived its usefulness was, to say the least, sharp practice, but dwelling on the price that breaks the galling chain of slavery is like looking a gift-horse in the mouth. The blessing of freedom is so far beyond all estimated value that the lopsided bargain was soon overlooked in the idea that now England, said to be the land of freedom, is no longer a political falsity. Throughout the extensive dominions of Great Britain the same immunity exists as pertained for centuries to her own sacred soil, which to tread on was to turn links of steel to gossamer. The increased power of the popular branch of the government began to be felt in high places. The sages of Threadneedle street and Leadenhall street, and those of minor monopolies, had to put their respective houses in order when the sound of the besom of reform was heard at their thresholds. Joint-stock banking companies became admissible, and the legion of tea-sippers throughout the kingdom soon found that to go to London for a continued supply of their favorite beverage was no longer necessary. The Oriental trade being thrown open, and a free intercourse between the principal ports of Great Britain and those of the East, had the natural effect of augmenting the mercantile marine to an enormous extent, with all its concomitant advantages.

Catholic emancipation now became the all-engrossing subject for legislation. Its great and able advocate, Daniel O'Connell, had spoken too freely at a mass meeting of his followers, which led to his incarceration in Kilmainham jail. This event greatly increased his popularity, leading to his election to serve in parliament for County Clare. The form of swearing against his religion he indignantly resented, whereupon the seat for County Clare was declared vacant, and new writs issued. Mr. O'Connell was re-elected by the same constituency, and the farce in the Commons re-enacted, with the additional feature of his declaring to the speaker on vacating his seat that the day is not distant when he, the speaker, shall be by the voice of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland stripped of the power of removing him from this, his legitimate place in representing County Clare in Parliament. In the meantime O'Connell was gaining ground rapidly. He had all the manufacturing towns in England with him. Even Scotland, slow to move in that direction, was awakened by his eloquence and his happy handling of statistics. On one occasion eighty thousand people assembled on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, to listen to his powerful arguments on behalf of his down-trodden fellow-countrymen. The King in his weak tergiversation had recourse to the assistance of his Tory friends, Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, to form a ministry, which, when formed, astonished the world by its humiliating admission that it found two grave evils to contend against, the alternative being between anarchy and bloodshed on the one hand, and on the other Catholic emancipation, and it became

the duty of his majesty's ministers to choose the less of the two evils. It therefore fell to the lot of the Tory party to submit a measure to parliament which stultified all the principles involved in the most active political and polemical opposition on record. But consistency is a jewel which is seldom found ornamenting the career of the politician.

The power of the landed interest now became the subject of general investigation. The tax on the workman's loaf had to be considered. The trimming enactments and sliding scales of the lords of the soil had at length nauseated the nation, and under the auspices of Richard Cobden, John Bright, Doctor Bowring and many others an anti-corn-law league was formed at Manchester, whose branches ramified throughout the kingdom, and from whose councils written arguments by the ton weight were scattered broadcast over the land and rewards offered for the best essays on effects of the corn law on divers interests, one of which deserves particular notice, viz., The best written essay on the effects of existing corn laws on the farming interests of the land.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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The laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great,  
His mind was ta'en up wi' affairs o' the State,  
He wanted a wife his braw hoose to keep,  
But favor wi' wooin' was fashions to seek.

THE prize of one hundred guineas for the best written essay on the effects of the corn law on the interest of the farmer rewarded the pen of Mr. Hope, of Fenton Barns, an eminent farmer of East Lothian. The eyes of the practical farmers throughout the nation were opened by this fine essay, which was chosen from among a great number of able competitors. They were made to see the fallacy so generally entertained that the restrictive measures then in force were conducive to their interest. At this time the meetings of the league were frequently disturbed by the chartists, who, for a season, at least, seemed to endeavor to un-English themselves by an obstructive policy. To illustrate the mode of their petty annoyance a case may be given. The Peckham branch of the league published a desire to convene a meeting in support of the movement then under the auspices of Richard Cobden. This call was responded to in such a manner as to warrant them in securing a very large hall for the purpose. They engaged that of the Horns Tavern, Kennington Common. The object of the meeting was duly advertised in all the London dailies. The chair was occupied by the venerable Mr. Warbur-

ton, father of the House of Commons, supported by a phalanx of excellent talent. The meeting had not been well organized when the two main entrances to the hall were simultaneously burst open, and the aisles filled with fierce, unbidden guests, who made for the platform, hustled the old gentleman out of the chair and many of the committee (of which I happened to be one) from off the elevated platform, and coolly proceeded to elect a chairman and secretary of their own. They forced upon the meeting a programme of resolutions on the five points of the charter, whereupon some few, disgusted with the interruption, rose in the body of the meeting to retire, when in a voice far beyond his years Mr. Warburton requested every man to keep his seat, saying, "We have now a double duty to perform, not only to pass these resolutions, placed in the hands of those in whom you have long held your confidence, in support of a cause for which, with our own money, we hired this room, but to remain to master this cowardly tumult, and put the blush of shame on the countenance of their shameless leaders;" all of which at a late hour was thoroughly accomplished. The chartists made sad havoc of their cause by counseling overt acts, in the employment of physical force, and in impertinent interference with other movements. Several of their leaders were incarcerated for intemperate language used at public meetings.

The Scottish chartists were under the more temperate guidance of Sir David Brewster, and when that gentleman, at the head of the Scottish chartists, met a delegation from England in quest of his co-operation he



settled the matter in a short speech, in which he thanked their English friends for their courtesy, and directed "all those of this great meeting of chartists who are of opinion that physical force should be employed in the attainment of our object to remain stationary, and those who believe that moral suasion only should be used as the most efficacious means of accomplishing all we desire from the legislature will take their position on yonder eminence, whither I shall in a few minutes repair myself." The latter section being largely in the majority rendered the mission of the delegates nugatory. The monster petition to parliament for the charter became the theme of the hour. This petition, when matured, was to be presented by the leader, Fergus O'Connor, in person, backed by thousands in procession, for which purpose a monster meeting was convened on Kennington Common, and while the government in its alarm was employing military means to intercept the threatened demonstrations in the city the more lawless portion of the meeting, to amuse themselves, made a raid on the trading people of Camberwell, and cleaned out the stores in Rosemary Branch lane of a class who could ill afford to lose anything, while the more wealthy and better protected class were arming themselves to face the raiders. But this raid, like the great body of which it formed a disreputable part, proved a miserable fizzle. The petition had to be presented in like manner with those of less dimensions, stripped of all semblance of intimidation. Since the death of O'Connor we hear but little of the charter, nor does it appear necessary, its leading points all falling within the range of ordinary legislation.

In returning to my desolate home it gives me pleasure to record the ameliorating influence of Mrs. Anderson, a distant relation, herself chastened by misfortune. She was the daughter of Anthony Wilkinson, my mother's cousin, who was an eccentric worshiper of the antique. When he had acquired enough to retire from his fine business (the sign of Prince of Wales' Feathers) in Leith street, Edinburgh, he made known to his best customer, the Earl of Dalhousie, his desire to live the remainder of his days in retirement.

"Well, Anthony," said his lordship, "since you decline to make any more guns for us the next best thing you can do is to give us the benefit of your company. And in order to secure that I will deed over to your use forever land enough whereon to build your dwelling and appurtenances. Come out to Cockpen and see for yersel'." It is needless to say this offer was gratefully accepted, and on the banks of a little stream in the valley which runs between the village of Bonnyrigg and the parish kirk o' Cockpen may be seen the comfortable villa of Pistol Hall, Anthony Wilkinson, Esq., of that ilk. He had been a widower for many years, with two children, Cecilia and James. Mr. Anderson had learned his trade and worked at the old shop in Leith street until he became too good a workman to remain outside of London. Thither he started with all he possessed but his heart, which he was induced to leave in the good keeping of Cecilia. While working journey work in London he acquired an enviable reputation as an expert in fowling pieces, two of which he made for the celebrated Joe Manton to execute an order from the Persian ambassador. The

finish of those guns was said to be inimitable, and now he musters his forces and takes a shop in Cockspur street, Charing Cross, and as quick as a Leith smack can carry him to the object of his affections, blindly to snatch her from a happy home, to be shortly buried (say two years) in an obscure garret in the purlieus of Westminster, for in such a place I found them. James thought that to sell a gun was easier than to make one, that the counter was more in unison with his future aspirations than the work-bench. Insensible to the responsibilities involved in a heavy rent and expensive fittings necessary in so prominent a thoroughfare, the leap was taken, and it took but a short time to make manifest the blunder; but it required two long, anxious years to get clear of it, and when he did he not only found himself penniless but saddled with debts he could not pay. My acquaintance with James Anderson was slight, and I had heard of his eccentricities, and to approach a philosopher in adversity is like venturing a word with Diogenes in his tub, but I took courage, and with the aid of an old-fashioned knocker (my own knuckles) found access to an apartment which, if carpetless, was clean, and if innocent of ornament had the advantage of elevation. I expected to find a pair of woe-begones brooding over their losses, instead of which they received me cheerfully. Cecy wi' her needle and her shears was makin' the auld clais look amaist as weel as new, and James was employed painting in oil a bunch of grapes, for profit or for pleasure I did not dare to ask, but I am inclined to think from subsequent droppings, for they were both not only proud but taciturn, that James had taken to the easel for a crust.

His theory of the gun business in London was that there were but two firms in the metropolis who knew how to make a gun. His recent attempt to create a third made enemies of the two, and to work for botches, with which London abounds, was out of the question.

I invited them to return the visit. Cecilia came, James never, and the chain of circumstances which brought Cecy under my roof are, I think, well worth recording, as showing the idiosyncrasies of that singular couple. An Edinburgh lady, living in one of the fashionable squares at the west end, who was well acquainted with Mrs. Anderson, and, indeed, with all the Wilkinson family, after considerable trouble in finding their abode, much to the annoyance of James, called. She had a proposition to make which she hoped would be taken in the spirit in which it was meant. "I am," she said, "desirous of leaving town for six weeks, and I have thought that you, being out of business, might, during my stay at Herne Bay, take up your residence at my house, and thereby confer a favor on me. Your hands you need not soil, as I leave three servants to do the work of the house, who shall be instructed to defer to Mrs. Anderson as to myself." Alas! how apt we are to fall into mischief in the exercise of the best attributes of our nature! The intention in this case to a third party was clearly benevolent. The result is the separation of two loving hearts, never again in this world to meet. In her true womanly heart Cecilia thanked her old friend for her kind consideration, and would be on hand to see her off on the morrow, and turning to James, who was busy attending to his pets, consisting of a cage of educated white mice, listening

to the ladies' conversation as if he heard it not, she said: "Jamie, you'll go with me, won't you?" The lady departed, and on the question being repeated he sullenly answered: "As you make your bed so must you lie," and these were the last words she ever heard him utter. During the six weeks' painful suspense he never made his appearance, neither did he answer her letters, and when the lady returned, finding everything satisfactory at home, and lamenting the misery of which she was the unwitting cause, she offered Mrs. Anderson an asylum for life. Her painful position was made known to me during the last month of my dying wife, who expressed a wish that our child, then two years old, should be cared for by Mrs. Anderson, with whom the dear soul sympathized. At Sophie's death she became the ruling genius of my desolate home, and for sixteen months I was beholden to her for kindly care and companionship; nor was the cold philosopher forgotten. During the whole of that period she diligently kept track of his whereabouts, and helped him stealthily, by paying his rent and other means. Her father, partially acquainted with matters in London, sent her remittances, which were always in some way shared by her unseen husband.

To relieve my mind I resolved to visit my brother, who, tired of idleness, had petitioned the Board of Ordnance for employment. His real friend, the Iron Duke, being still the master-general thereof, he had no difficulty in obtaining it, and was detailed as master gunner to take charge of that formidable stronghold, Yarmouth Castle, on the west coast of the Isle of Wight, one of Joseph Hume's statistical harp-strings, which to

the member for Montrose was such delectable pleasure annually to play upon that it was dished up as a sweet morsel to a fault-finding public. Mr. Hume's description of this place is so graphic and so oft repeated that it is only necessary to consult any one of his speeches during a period of twenty years to supersede the greater expense of ocular demonstration. There lay the dismounted guns, two in number. There stood the gunner, six feet one in his stockings, and his man Friday, and, on a rising ground behind what had been the moat, the most comfortable quarter of the garrison. Two in number, all told, invitingly stood, none the less inviting by fumes emanating from the spitted hinder part of a south-downer playing among the salivary glands of one whose appetite has been whetted by the sea breeze up to an activity which threatened destruction to a less savory dish than that which was now in preparation for us. Their hospitality to me had undergone a marvelous change for the better. The sailor boy who in Well Close Square was hurried off to lie among ropes in the forecastle of the Trusty, was now assigned the king bed in the mansion; but everything good in the house failed to be good enough to induce me to prolong my stay, which was lengthened several days beyond my original intention. The family consisted of my brother, his wife, and Mary, an adopted child, the daughter of an old comrade who was slain in battle in the island of Ceylon. This man on the eve of the fight had a presentiment of his fall, and prevailed on Alexander in that event to adopt his only child Mary, a promise religiously carried out, even to the grave, and a finer specimen of true grati-

tude than that which was found in the life of Mary would be difficult to find. She had had several offers of marriage, but never could make her mind up to quit the family circle of her benefactor. The world is not all so ungrateful as some would have us believe, and now, as home again I turn my steps, my wounds are felt to open up afresh, but just in proportion to the coldness of my own hearth did I find the popular sentiment inflamed. In fact, old Camberwell not only appeared to be but was aroused to fever heat. The hackneyed simile of the toad under the harrow, rough as it is, falls short of the condition into which the officers of the parish had recklessly plunged themselves. Derogatory sentences were posted on the walls and thrown broad-cast over the three divisions of the parish, such as, "Down with pretended reformers," "Away with Scottish economists," "Let the election of Easter be revised," and many other disparaging remarks, all of which were so richly perfumed with the roses of the hills that the olfactory nerves of the solid rate-payer could not fail to detect the quarter from which they emanated. The prime mover of these distasteful radical measures complained of was Mr. Daniel Triquet, overseer for Camberwell proper. This gentleman was a clerk in the will office of the Bank of England, aided by David Johnston, the baker in Peckham, and Joseph Haines, Esq., Dulwich. For the first time in many years the representatives of the respective districts of Camberwell were perfectly unanimous in desiring to undertake a long-needed reform in the parochial rent-roll, whereon should be based an assessment for all the wants of the parish in an equable ratio.

To reach the intrinsic value of property which is in the market, continually improving, is easily attained, but to get at the true value of that which is never known to change hands, and which had been assessed at a remote period, when money was more valuable, we found to be attended with difficulty, requiring the whole of our second year in office to accomplish, and after a residence of many years in this delightful community it is gratifying to reflect that I failed to meet a parishioner who was prepared to assert that the battle was fought in vain. A few words in the next chapter on this topic appears necessary to enable the reader to comprehend the nature of this controversy.



## CHAPTER XIX.

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“ That thin partitions do divide  
The bounds where good and ill reside;  
That naught is perfect here below,  
But bliss still bordering upon woe.” —

THE parish of St. Giles, Camberwell, in the metropolitan borough of Lambeth (which borough returns two members to parliament), is situated in the county of Surrey, and is one of the richest suburbs of London. The parish contained in 1832 a population of about 50,000, which was healthily increasing. The parish is divided into three parts, viz., Camberwell proper, the liberty of Peckham and the hamlet of Dulwich. In the last-named village is the famous college of Allyn the play-actor, who built and endowed it for the support and education of decayed persons of his name. In this college is the Bodleian gallery, in which there are some splendid paintings of the old masters. In Peckham stands Marlborough House, the ancient seat of the hero of Blenheim, with all his deeds emblazoned on the walls, in good preservation. The residence of Nell Gwynn, of Charles II notoriety, was made to give way for the Surrey canal. Of the beauty of the topography of Camberwell it would be difficult to say too much in its praise. It is said “ Sweet Auburn ” was

written in Goldsmith House, Peckham. Be that as it may, I know there is a pane of glass in one of the windows of that house with his name, said to have been written by himself. The topography of the parish is delightfully undulating, and rich in foliage. The hills, known by the names of Grove, Champion, Dulwich, Norwood, Forest, and Sydenham, abound in splendid scenery. Several views from these eminences are obtained of the metropolis. The valley of the Thames, the wealds of Kent and the immediate surroundings are well worthy of a visit. But in speaking of my cozy, happy home I must not forget the passing events of the then extraordinary period. The political arena of 1829 assumed a state of fermentation which drifted rapidly into an agitation which in some instances threatened damage to the peace of the community. The iron horse had made his bow, making manifest at once his power to bless and to destroy. At the great and world-wide important event of opening the railway between Manchester and Liverpool, the nation was shocked and dreadfully saddened by the destruction of one of our greatest and most consistent reformers of the period. Mr. Huskisson, who, with the Duke of Wellington, was deputed to represent the government at the opening, was killed on the track by an engine near Liverpool. He was president of the board of trade at the time and a great advocate of free trade, and was mainly instrumental in lowering the duties on the silken fabrics of France so as to bring them within the reach of the common people of England, to the annoyance of the Spitalfield silk weavers who carried their petition in procession to the House of Commons

against his innovating measures. Their mistaken notions were unmoved by his eloquence, but their subsequent experience proved the soundness of his principles when their periodical poverty had given place to an increased activity to their shuttles. The reforming spirit was more susceptible of feeling at this time than to action, each heading looming up and claiming priority of the popular process which the acute angles of all measures are destined to undergo prior to becoming law. Reform in parliament became the leading topic of the day. Men were now inspired by reasonable expectations of a speedy accomplishment of that for which they had struggled for a period of twenty-eight years, and for which they had figured at an early day in the most contemptible minorities. We had now in 1830 at the nominal head of affairs a reforming king (William the Fourth, the popular sailor king), under whose auspices there were those in high places who in the spirit of their dreams began to feel a change. Many who, under George, were stanch advocates for leaving all things just as they were, began under William to relax.

Others, again, assumed the position of leaders in a cause against which they had fought for years. In 1830 and 1831 the spirit of the people rose to a dangerous pitch. In all the large towns immense assemblages of the middle and working classes convened, carrying flags bearing inscriptions, some of which were couched in terms more in the attitude of threats than that of petitions. Every city, town and hamlet had its reform society, from whom emanated spirited petitions, not always guarded in phraseology. Under the pressure from

without a bill, under the auspices of that grand old political reformer, Lord John Russell, was introduced into the commons. After every schedule of the bill had been severely scrutinized, both in and out of parliament, it was accepted by the people, and the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill, became the national demand from Land's End to John o' Groat's. But the king, intimidated at the aspect of affairs, made efforts to retract, dismissed his reforming minister, tried to form a cabinet of the leaders of the opposition, which proved impracticable, and thereby made shipwreck of his golden popularity. So much so that on his way to and from his palace at Windsor he found himself under the necessity of taking a by-road to escape the filthy missiles being thrown at his carriage, showing the instability of the popular applause. 1830 was an eventful year. George IV departed this life after ten years of misrule. It gave a throne to Louis Phillippe, obscurity to Charles X, and an addition to our little family at Peckham. In the revolution effecting the changes in France the whole world was dazzled at the noble defense of order made by La Fayette against a host of fire-brands. I was so taken with the bravery of that hero that I was desirous of naming our infant son after him, but on our way to Camberwell church to get a name, my wife, being a true English woman, scouted the idea of naming a child of ours after a Frenchman. I felt cheap and vanquished, and gave the choice up to her, and I am sure she found a much less worthy name in my own than in that of the hero of my choice, but I had disfranchised myself in the premises and yielded to the inevitable. At this particular junct-

ure all Europe seemed convulsed. Thrones toppled, dynasties arose and reigning families were ruthlessly shelved. Even these little republics, called parishes in England, where self-government really exists, were not exempt from the prevailing turmoil, and our quiet rural parish of Camberwell had to come in for its share. The clerical or bookkeeping part of the parish was nominally transacted by Mr. Gilbert, a prominent lawyer in the city, whose income enabled him to keep up a high-toned establishment in Camberwell. For his services as vestry-clerk he received four hundred pounds per annum, while Mr. Pool, the assistant vestry-clerk, on whose shoulders fell the real burden of the work, enjoyed a salary of seventy pounds a year whereon to support himself, wife and seven children. The childless Gilbert, moving in the highest circles of society, beginning to think that an additional two hundred to his four hundred would be acceptable, mooted the idea to his bosom friend, the vicar, and leading men of the influential class of parishioners in which he moved. The hill-tops teemed with the desire, but how shall we be able to counteract that abominable spirit of reform which seems to transform our trading and working classes from willing coadjutors to vile obstructionists? The vote in our favor can only be obtained by early attendance and filling the hall with our friends. But the move was anticipated by the despised reformers, and the audience proved too much imbued with the spirit of reform for their scheme. Under the auspices of John George Storey, vicar, the churchwardens and overseers of the poor of St. Giles, Camberwell, the meeting was convened. I was induced by neighbors

to attend that meeting, at which John George Storey took the chair. The object of the special meeting was somewhat hastily explained, and a motion to augment the salary of the vestry clerk two hundred pounds per annum was as hastily moved and seconded. Looking around in vain to those who had urged me to accompany them in the spirit of opposition to the measure, and somewhat nettled at the supine appearance of my neighbors, at the moment the vicar was about to submit the motion to the vote I made myself heard in the crowded hall, apologizing for so young a parishioner trespassing upon the notice of so great an assembly. I said that if my opinion of the sum of four hundred pounds a year was too inflated I had to attribute it to the fact of being a native of a part of the world where money is rendered valuable by its scarcity. "I therefore move as an amendment that Mr. Gilbert receive a vote of thanks for the able manner in which he has served the parish in the capacity of vestry clerk, and that he be invited to retain that position at his present salary of four hundred pounds per annum." This amendment was seconded by a stentorian voice at the opposite side of the hall, who, seeing the unwillingness on the part of the vicar to put the amendment, and at the time urging me to withdraw it, elbowed his way through the crowded audience, introduced himself as Mr. Brett, whom I afterward found to be an eminent attorney of the old Kent Road, saying, "I seconded your amendment, and I fear you are about to lose it. According to appearances we shall be able to carry the vote. All now depends on your pressing it to an issue." Being entirely igno-

rant of parliamentary rules I took courage from his support, and to the chagrin of the chair pressed the amendment, which was carried by a very large majority. The effect of this vote throughout the parish was unprecedented, and infuriated for a time the proud priest and his party. The cool, temperate daring of a class they were wont to despise challenged their respect and paved the way to a wonderful change in parochial management. On the following Easter Tuesday, the day on which all the parish officers are elected for the year ensuing, in due order of business the election of overseer of the poor for the Liberty of Peckham came before the vestry, and Mr. Brett arose and said "that inasmuch as the parish of Camberwell stands indebted to a comparative stranger in that part of the parish for the judicious part he took in a recent controversy, I therefore move that David Johnston be overseer of the poor of St. Giles, Camberwell, during the ensuing year, ending in Easter, 1831," which, to the astonishment of all present, was seconded by Mr. Gilbert and unanimously carried. Thus was I honored by my fellow-parishioners in the receipt of the highest gift within the compass of their power, and all from a mere accident, not from any credit of my own. Oh, for the buoyant happiness of those too few days! To be lifted from a miserable life of servile drudgery into a snug, sweet home at the age of twenty-six years, in robust health; to be in communion with the woman you dearly love, and with whom you have been acquainted for eight years; to be blessed with a promising son; to have your credit well established; to possess the confidence of your fellow-creatures, and all

your prospects brightening, must be felt to be appreciated. But such felicity seldom falls to the lot of man. Indeed, I have been led to look upon happy coincidences as the harbinger of evil, an idea which might have found its origin in the dreadful ordeal which I was destined to undergo so close upon the heels of the attainment of all that I could wish. My wife's confinement had not been attended by anything like severity; still, her continued weakness gave rise to uneasiness, and shortly to alarm. At the close of the nurse's term Sophia's mother became her constant attendant, and under the auspices of the physician, Dr. Bissett, and her own loving heart, soothed the pillow of the darling patient until her last breath, which fatal event transpired on the seventeenth day of September, 1832. The grave in which her remains are deposited is in old Camberwell churchyard, pointed out by a headstone on which is inscribed the following language, quoted from Sterne, and garbled to suit the sex:

She was—words are wanting to say what !  
Think what a wife, mother, friend, should be,  
And she was that !



## CHAPTER XX.

### A TRIP TO THE GREEN ISLE.

**I**N the summer of this year my wife's maternal uncle, Richard Clements, overjoyed at the recovery, by a simple process, of his hearing, proposed that he and I should take a trip to Ireland. No sooner mooted than might have been found Uncle Clements and I in the yard of the Swan-With-Two-Necks inn, Lad lane, London, surmounting the Tally Ho, the four-in-hand coach for Holyhead, the grandest of all modes of transit. Over the finest roads and through the richest scenery in the world we reach the Black Bull Bull-ring, Birmingham, to experience the old-fashioned landlord's trick of delaying the meal until the coach is just ready to start, leaving the hungry traveler no time to do justice to his viands. In taking a passing peep at Peeping Tom, on our way through the fine old town of Coventry, we soon arrive at the ancient city of Shrewsbury, made famous by the questionable veracity of Falstaff. Through the neat little town of Oswestry we began to realize that masterpiece of civil engineering of Mr. Telfer; his road from this point to Bangor, through the romantic scenery of North Wales; his bridge across the Menai straits, and his road through Anglesea to Holyhead, being a work at once of beauty and utility combined. Crossing the channel we experienced rough weather, and entering the then unfinished

harbor of Kingston, and finding that, in consequence of a promised grand regatta on the morrow, the hotels were all occupied, we sheltered (not slept) in sorry accommodation. On our way thither we were fortunate enough to have a taste of genuine Hibernianism worthy of remark. My uncle objecting to pay what he deemed an overcharge for carrying our portmanteaus, the quick reply was, "Shure, haven't I been waiting for yez for the last two hours in this cowl'd night?" Figure to yourself a hackman charging his fare in proportion to the time his vehicle has been idle on the stand. It was a kind of eating-house wherein we had to sojourn for the night, and having resolved to witness the regatta we ordered breakfast, whereupon the landlord, with a soiled cloth over his left arm, answered the knock on the table.

"What d'ye plaze to want, gintlemen, for breakfast?"

"What have you for the morning meal?"

He then glibly dealt out a long list of good things, the burden being chickens and ham, which he repeated and transformed several times in the course of his verbal bill of fare. We then ordered chickens and ham, with tea, for which, with all the patience that keen appetites could muster, for three-quarters of an hour we waited in vain. A boy who was left in charge coolly informed us that his master had gone to his stall at the harbor and taken the chickens and ham with him. "Ah," said my pawky uncle, "this comes from too prompt payment. Had we held on to the price of his beds for awhile our fast might have been broken in comparative comfort." The weather for an hour was

bright and clear, long enough to feast our vision on one of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld. The Bay of Dublin at all times is one of nature's beauty spots, but on this occasion the scene was made enchanting by the numberless yachts of the three united kingdoms floating on its tranquil bosom, all busy in preparation for the trial of speed on which they were about to start. A gentle breeze from the north rippled the surface of the bay, bringing with it the harbinger of disappointment. A small but growing cloud kissed the summit of the hill of Howth, giving to the weather-wise unheeded warning of a soaking day. Nor was suspense of long duration. With the changing speed of a kaleidoscope the brilliant morning was embraced in gloom. The glorious bay, with its busy burden, was no longer to be seen, neither could the outline of the distant hill be drawn, and then the rain—I have heard of it raining in Glasgow, and tasted of rain in the Devil's Wash-Basin, a local title given to the city of Manchester, and both cities are proverbial for the extent of their rainfall—but the fall of rain that day in Kingston would be hard to surpass. The fine morning had emptied Dublin of its heterogeneous masses, who poured into the site of the new harbor at Kingston by the thousand, and a crowd more mixed never characterized the annual Derby day at Epsom. One peculiarity I noticed which goes to distinguish the western gathering from that of the east, namely, the use of the umbrella. In England the umbrella is supposed to be the property of the individual. In Ireland it is public property. Hoisting one of those useful commodities has the effect of attracting all those

within sight of the holder who might be less fortunate, giving rise to the most ludicrous scenes, in one of which my jolly uncle was made to figure as a center. He had placed his back against a huge block of granite to shelter him from the pelting storm, and to increase his protection inflated his new bit of silk for the first time, which was no sooner done than a round dozen of all sorts of people laid claim to share the privilege with that of the owner. At first the kind old soul evinced no dislike to this singular proceeding, so new to him. A Dublin belle of apparent respectability, elegantly attired in satin, but woefully drenched with the rain, had placed her back against his rotund person, affording the old gentleman pleasure in the exercise of his gallantry in sheltering so fine a lady from the merciless storm.

“ But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-flake on the river,  
A moment white, then gone forever.”

Less welcome were the dozen ragged, rollicking followers of the lady's example, who set up a rude, noisy bantering, many of their jokes made to appeal to the risibles of the ungainly crowd at Mr. Clements' expense, making his confined situation anything but pleasant. Retreat in the rear was cut off by reason of the granite; the obstacles in front were nearly as immovable. The old gentleman was very sensitive to odor, and the packing of so many saturated human beings so assailed his olfactories that his plight became unbearable, and with one effort of his burly body he freed himself of his untoward incumbrance. On our

way to the viandless eating-house for our satchels I confess to the morbid satisfaction of seeing our host of the empty platter perhaps too severely punished for the trick he played on us as strangers. He had improvised a square platform with a pole at each corner. At the tops of each upright was fastened an unwashed sheet to keep the sun from his stock in trade. The sheet now, the sunshine having turned to rain, formed a leaky reservoir of the superincumbent downfall, and the unsold viands, even the veritable chickens and ham, uninvitingly lay exposed to the copious drippings of the extended sheet above, which from its inverted rotundity threatened to burst every minute. Bidding adieu to the prolonged scene of discomfort we sought and found its opposite (after a short ride of seven or eight miles over the only railroad which Ireland could at that date boast of) in the Victoria Hotel, Westland Row, Dublin, the landlord, Mr. Gilbert, a native of Droitwich, England, who for genuine hospitality could not be excelled. In addition to the home comforts of his well-managed house, he put himself to considerable expense and trouble on our behalf in doing the lions of the city and environs,—the park, the college, the custom house, the four courts, the castle, the pigeon house, the cathedral, even through the romantic glen called the Dargle (where Grattan was wont to practice his parliamentary speeches), to the falls of Powerscourt, in the Wicklow mountains, and other places of interest. Among other curiosities in Dublin I may mention that of a new way to pay old debts. Mr. Mc—— held a good situation in London for some years, during which time he and his family resided near

to us in Peckham. We got to be on intimate terms, when, losing his berth, he retired to his native Dublin, leaving me his note for £30 borrowed money. Thinking to dovetail a little business with pleasure, I put forth an effort to collect this trifle, as Mr. Mc—— was pleased to call it. I had no trouble in finding my man: would that I could say so of my claim. We were introduced to good society, one gentleman a prominent lawyer, his wife's brother. We were cordially invited to spend a week at his villa in the beautiful village of Darndale, nestling in the lee of the hill of Howth. A passing visit had to suffice, and we were for two days handsomely entertained in town, which doubtless cost double the amount of the debt, but the de'il a word was uttered in regard to the liquidation of the debt, nor has a figure been altered in my ledger from that frothy period to the present day. In speaking of the characteristics of the people of the sister isle it would be presumptuous on my part to venture an opinion on a subject which has baffled the skill of matter-of-fact England for seven hundred years. Can it be that matter-of-fact measures are unsuited for the governance of a poetical people? A nation susceptible of wrath by the color of your handkerchief is not likely to be satisfied with mere bread and butter, and a sermon preached in the chapel of Dublin Castle, however orthodox and sublime, will fail to compensate the mischief effected by the employment of party colors in Stephens Green. But this savors of the spirit of opinion, for which I ask the reader's pardon. And now, sister isle, adieu. Turn not away from us. The undercurrent of the British heart flows toward you, albeit

the surface may tend to obscure the fact. There is strength in unison, weakness in division. Mills of deity grind slowly. Every grievance shall be removed. Patient endurance will win. Let the Celt and the Saxon be reconciled, that they may yet sit down in harmony together, is the earnest wish of the neutral subscriber.

## CHAPTER XXI.

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“Mark my fall and that that ruin’d me.”

*Shakespeare.*

IT seems that the most difficult lesson for a prosperous man to learn is to know when to eschew speculation; to be content pursuing the even tenor of well doing and ever able to fortify the ear against siren assaults which savor of ambition, how difficult the task! The ease which attended the raising of the necessary funds to make me a freeholder of Surrey, which (“up higher yet, my bannet!”) entitled me to a vote for the county and to mingle with the lords of the soil at Croyden on election day, doubtless led to a species of inflated pleasures, but at the same time proved the opening wedge to a train of action which involved me in the short space of a few years in utter ruin, and led to the dreadful ordeal of emigration with a family of nine souls, at the age of forty-five years, to a distant land. My purchase was part of the estate of Esquire Batten, of Yeovil, Somerset, banker, who for some years, on his annual visit to London to collect his rents, enjoyed some comfort in my cozy little parlor, and never failed to advise me to purchase the property, consisting of my own premises, extending a long way back, a grocer’s shop next door, and eight small cottages behind in an alley. He remarked on one occasion that he was “getting too far advanced in life for this periodical journey,



and I have experienced nothing but confusion in trusting to agents for the collection of rents, and therefore I have come to the determination of bringing the whole of my London property to the hammer. It will be to your advantage to take the property for £1,200, and I shall make the payments easy." I thanked him for his proposition, but doubted my capacity to furnish the means, and before he received a penny of the purchase money the title deeds of the freehold were placed in my hands, thus entitling me to a vote for the borough of Lambeth. Such a business transaction I never heard of before nor since, and I have been led to believe, from the indifferent manner in which he received the first installment of £400, that he was careless as to whether I paid him or not, and when he received the last installment he said that when Batten's terrace was sold to be at the sale and bid for the end house next to my alley as a means of securing the future advantage of the property I had just bought. I subsequently found his advice profitable, but the general sale being left in the hands of a broker the purchase-money had to be forthcoming—£700 within seven weeks of the date of the sale. Thus I was drawn into a dilemma which was likely to prove fatal to all my good fortune, and from which I could only be extricated by paying the cash at the given time. I wrote to the old gentleman, saying that I had taken his advice in buying the house in Batten's terrace, and should be in Yeovil on the following week for some further advice in the premises. In two days I received notice from an unknown hand that Mr. Batten was too ill to see any one, particularly on business. I then wrote to Jane Turpin, a daughter of my half-brother,

Alexander, by a former wife, explaining my untoward position. She sent, to my agreeable astonishment, £400, which left me an easy task to make up the remainder among my friends. My mind considerably relieved, setting my house in order for a new presiding genius became the order of the day.

At this time I am beholden to my friend Mr. Webb, of High Holborn, for an introduction to Miss Mary Ann Wheeler, whose father was a Mr. Thomas Wheeler, portrait painter, of Regent street, St. James. I addressed that gentleman by mail, asking permission to visit his daughter. His answer was couched in cautious terms, requiring references. I sent him to Mr. Michie, whose testimony was deemed satisfactory, and which opened the doors to a happy home, in which I spent many a delightful evening in conversation and music. David, my first and only son by my former wife, was now four years old, and I placed him under the care of relations, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, of the grammar school, Haddington. His grandmother, Mrs. Jones, accompanied me to Scotland with him. While there we made a little tour up the Firth to Stirling by the first steamer that sailed in these waters; thence by coach to lock sixteen, on the Forth and Clyde canal; thence by canal to Glasgow. Stopping in that great mart a few days, we sailed down the Clyde to Greenock, Dunoon and Rothesay; back again to Glasgow, and thence by coach to Edinburgh; then again to London by a Leith smack. We found Mrs. Anderson well, but somewhat dumpy. Dame Rumor had me married, or about to be, and it was a downright shame to keep it from her.

On the 4th day of May, 1834, at St. James' church, Piccadilly, Miss Mary Ann Wheeler became Mrs. David Johnston. Now I have a volume to write about that lady, but am tongue-tied on the subject, for here she is by my side on the Pacific coast, in 1883, mingling her hopes with mine to have the pleasure of our golden wedding, and she hates the semblance of flattery. So, loving peace, mum's the word. On our wedding-day we, accompanied by a few friends, dined at the Star and Garter, Richmond Hill, one of England's loveliest spots, and which, looking toward Windsor, is furnished, at this season for rich beauty, with one of the finest landscapes in the world, and, turning homeward, under our own vine and fig-tree in the pleasant village of Peckham spent the honeymoon and fourteen years of our lives. It was natural to suppose that Mrs. Anderson would be incommoded by the new arrangement, but to the inevitable she handsomely yielded and stayed a few days with Mrs. Jones, who also visited my wife and became attached to her. Thus we were all made comparatively happy, but the parting scene was not all unfelt; my own vision might have been so impaired by surplus moisture as to disentitle it to respect, but I fancied I could detect a wee bit globule struggling to escape from the philosophical eye of Mrs. Anderson, who carried with her my heartfelt thanks for the past and unfeigned good wishes for her future welfare. Oh! how sad to think of so noble a mind being left to brood over her troubles alone, hopelessly deserted by one who had sworn to cherish and protect her while life lasts. Mrs. Jones, my benefactress, deprived by death of nearly all that makes life desirable,

craving in her loneliness for society, arranged with Mrs. Anderson to share her dwelling in Islington until she should carry out her intentions of going home to her father's house at Cockpen, which, after a considerable time, she did, and on my last visit to Scotland I had the pleasure of a chat with her on past events. What became of James Anderson I never knew and scarcely cared.

An event happened in the village which caused some sensation about this time. John Thomas —, plumber and house painter, High street, had four children by a former wife and four by his present wife. The father of the first wife died, leaving £1,000 in the 3 per cent consols for the benefit of her children when they respectively came of age. The eldest son, John, was a wild, drunken youth, who in one of his paroxysms of rage threatened to stab his father. He then went to sea, and at the close of his then distant voyage would be twenty-one years of age and of course come in for his £250. Now his father, dreading his presence on his return, and believing that the possession of this money would only tend to increase the evil habits of the boy in an unsound state of mind, bethought himself of intercepting his obtaining it, and after much cogitation in an evil hour forged his co-trustee's name, a Mr. —, made application for the consols through the medium of a broker, and was a prisoner in the compter, all in the same day. Not being acquainted with Mr. —, and decidedly opposed to him in politics, I was not a little surprised to receive a letter on the following morning from his legal adviser, Mr. Gregson, requesting an interview at the prison. My better feel-

ings prompting, I yielded to his desire and repaired to the scene of anguish. A description of this meeting lies beyond my power: to depict the condition of the deeply contrite prisoner, the painful distress of his young wife, with a baby at her breast, and that of his daughter Emma, who would accompany her stepmother to the jail. Even Mr. Gregson evinced feeling of distress, and addressing himself to me, said: "We have sent for you, Mr. Johnston, to ask you to do an act of kindness to this miserable family, the head of which has brought ruin upon it by an act which would a short time ago have cost him his life. Happily, the law of late has been humanized, but the punishment awaiting the crime of forgery is necessarily still severe, namely, transportation to a penal settlement, the maximum being for life and the minimum for seven years. Now, with a view to shorten the term as much as possible, I have advised Mr. — to throw himself on the mercy of the court by pleading guilty of the crime with which he will in all probability be charged, and I am glad he has consented to do so. According to law his real estate on his conviction will be confiscated to the crown, and his wife and family thereby reduced to pauperism. To obviate this additional calamity we have taken the liberty of asking your aid. I have prepared a deed of trust and guardianship to be subscribed by Mr. —, giving the power to act into the hands of any person he thinks proper to appoint, and all parties concerned join me in requesting you to be kind enough to assume the responsibility for the sake of the suffering family. The duties will be simply to collect the rents of eight houses in Hill street, Peckham, quarterly, and out of

the proceeds pay weekly to Mrs. — such allowance as the creditors of Mr. — shall deem meet for the maintenance of the family, the balance to accumulate enough to warrant a dividend, which you shall call whensoever the cash in hand is sufficient to justify the expense." To the proposition I found it impossible to say nay. Nor was the document completed any too soon, for the trial came off earlier than was anticipated, the poor man received his sentence of seven years' transportation beyond the seas, and I found myself in charge of his wife and seven children during all the long years of his absence. My wife invited Emma to live with us, which she did for many years. The compassion and sympathy of the neighbors ran high in favor of the poor fellow, now he was condemned, many believing that he never intended to appropriate the money to himself, and that he spoke the truth when he said that the only motive which prompted the perpetration of the crime was an earnest desire to check the downward progress of his first-born son. Imbued with similar notions, and believing the severity of the punishment indicated a lack of discrimination in the case, being strengthened by the popular sentiment, I conceived the idea of keeping him by a well-timed effort at home. I first went to the seat of the learned leisure of the vicar and asked him to head a petition to the prime minister in behalf of John Thomas —, with a view of retaining him in England during his term of punishment. "I cannot sign such a petition," the vicar said. "Will you be kind enough to enlighten me with your reasons?" "As vicar of the parish of St. Giles, Camberwell, as justice of the peace, as a conservator of the

law, I cannot sanction any movement that is contrary to the course of law." "I hope you will pardon me, but you appear to mistake the object of my mission, which is by no means to defeat justice, but to temper justice with mercy." Most of the justices of the peace refused to sign until the vicar headed the petition. Failing with the high priest I went to the poorly paid curate, who supported a family on a miserable pittance, Rev. H. W. C. Hyde, who readily headed the list; the notables of Camberwell quickly followed, and the petition was in two days swollen to an enormous magnitude. I then went to the neighboring parish of Lewisham, where—— had been in business in his early years. The rector of the parish spoke well of the poor convict, and commenced a list that everybody signed that I could reach in the short space of time I had to spare.

On the following morning, on my way to the Home Office with the enormous list of sympathizers, who should take a seat next to me in the omnibus but my prince of antagonists, the vicar, who greeted me kindly, and was pleased to express his admiration of my indefatigability and pleasure at the success with which it was met, and even hoped that my efforts would not be thrown away, but have the desired effect. In fact, he was so genial as to lead me to suppose that he only required asking to induce him to sign the document. It was his place, I thought, to lead off. Following this supposition a train of thought set in. What if he should the second time refuse? We had wonderfully well succeeded without his aid: let him slide, and he slid. A cab soon brought me to Downing street, Westminster, where the government buildings are situated,

wherein the executive affairs of England and her world-wide colonies are transacted. I had, in the canvass of the first two general elections of reformed parliaments, taken an active part, more particularly in behalf of our popular member, Benjamin Hawes, Jr., who in the interim had been elevated to the under-secretaryship of the colonies. Leaving my bulky parcel with the liveried porter, I was ushered into the waiting hall of the Colonies office, which was filled nearly to crowding by representatives from all parts of the world, many in their native costumes, waiting their turn for audience. To my agreeable surprise, on sending in my card I was immediately favored with an interview. Hastily informing Mr. Hawes of that which had been done in the case, I besought him to lose no time in assisting me through.

DIALOGUE: "What do you want of me?" "An introduction to the premier." "You know not what you ask." "I have ventured to ask, and I beseech you not to delay,—to-morrow if possible." "Who is this Mr. —?" "I don't know him." "It is not likely you should know him, for he was one of our bitterest political enemies when you were running for Lambeth on both occasions, but we lose no prestige in helping a Tory out of a scrape." "Where is your petition?" "In the outer office." Having the documents before him he expressed surprise at the number of names, many of whom were those of his friends and political admirers. He then said that to present a petition to the minister in person would not be in accordance with the established rule. "You will therefore please to leave it with me, and I will present it in due form, and also do



all I can to promote its prayer. But with regard to the other feature of your request, namely, an interview with the premier, I am afraid I can hold out no hope. Business at the present juncture is so pressing that I am loth to trespass on his time, even for a moment." I rose to depart, offering an apology for having occupied so much of his valuable time, when, placing his hand in mine, looking me straight in the eye, and doubtless detecting the illy-concealed workings of disappointment therein depicted, said: "Good-day, my dear friend; be not discouraged, we know nothing of to-morrow." On the following day I received a note to call at his office next morning, which summons I gladly obeyed, and speedily found myself, under the auspices of Mr. Hawes, in the presence of the ruler of the British empire. The kindly greeting and simple mannerism of the premier inspired me with courage. I felt at ease when he said, "I have examined your petition in behalf of J. T. —, handed to me by Mr. Hawes, asking a commutation of his sentence of seven years. You have expressed a wish to see me on the subject; pray give me your views and I will listen." What I said I know not. But a favorable impression was evinced by the receipt of the following note:

*Dear Sir,*—I have to inform you that the sentence of John Thomas — has been commuted from seven years' transportation to a penal settlement to two years in Portsmouth dockyard.

(Signed,)

BENJAMIN HAWES, JR.

The joy of Mrs. —, of Emma (who was now one of us), and the family was unbounded. The congratulations of the parishioners were numerous and sincere.

During the period of his servitude he conducted himself with marked propriety, and became very useful to the government, which secured him many privileges, and even wages for extra work. Poor Emma received her periodical letters from her father, whom she dearly loved. They were generally satisfactory, though perused by the authorities. His black locks had become a sable silvered, but his health was excellent ; nothing to complain of in the treatment, the restrictions falling short of the deserts of his folly. At length, restored to his manhood, he reached his home under the shades of night, and in the same hour, in the presence of Emma, in my parlor, poured out his soul in gratitude for what had been done in the behalf of himself and family. A debtor and creditor account of my stewardship I handed him, with the balance in hand ; “and now,” he said, with unspeakable thanks, “for what you have done for us, I hope you will pardon me asking a continuance of your legislation for a short time. I have had an offer for the property in Hill street, which would leave a balance of £400 clear in my hands, but I cannot overcome the horror of meeting those with whom I have done business. I must therefore not only leave Peckham, but the line of business I am in, and should like to avail myself of your advice.” I said, “It is strange, but there is advertised in the *Times* of to-day a snug little shop in my line of business in the village of Acton, Middlesex. Let us ride out there to-morrow, examine the books, look around, and judge of its value.” We went, we saw, we bought. Two years afterward I found the family all well and prosperous. On my way home I called on a friend, and while seated in his garden Cocking passed

over our heads in his parachute, which was fearfully oscillating, from the car attached to Green's Nassau balloon. He was only going up about a mile or so, as was announced, to astonish the natives by showing how easy it is to counteract the disastrous consequences of a rapid obedience to the law of gravitation by means of a judicious manipulation of the air we breathe. The last of poor Cocking was related by the aeronaut on his return in the evening to Vauxhall gardens, whence they ascended early on the same afternoon. "When they had reached the altitude required," said Mr. Green, "Mr. Cocking hallooed out: 'Green, cut the rope.' I replied 'that I was afraid to do so; that from my standpoint the extreme oscillation made it appear unsafe.' 'If you don't, I will.' 'That would make it unsafe.' 'Cut the rope,' were the last words of poor Cocking. I reluctantly did so, and relieved of his superincumbent weight the Nassau ascended too rapidly to be pleasant. In half a minute I was out of sight of the bold adventurer. A flash of lightning could scarcely be more evanescent than was my gaze upon his hopeless fate. He was found in a field near Lewisham, in Kent, with every bone in his body broken."

About this period one of the petty lions of London was to repair to some isolated spot outside the din of the city favorable to hearing the public time-pieces proclaim the midnight hour. Indulging in the whim under the lamplight on Vauxhall bridge, watch in hand, I might have been found timing the process. The light breeze from the east proved propitious in wafting on the broad and silent bosom of the Thames the varied sounds emit-

ted from the wide metropolitan expanse, a medley of sounds not easy to describe. The period required on that occasion to strike the hour of twelve covered eight long minutes. The authorities of the Polytechnic Institution subsequently failed to perceive the force of Mr. Bain's\* proposition to have the clocks of London, by means of electricity, strike every hour simultaneously. We are now, in the year 1833, developing the fruits of the great discovery of Benjamin Franklin, who, about 1760, by means of his ingenious kiting, chained the lightning to his scientific will.

The Princess Victoria, on the twenty-fourth day of May, 1837, became of age (eighteen years old). Considerable anxiety was aroused by certain unpleasant, ill-defined rumors, said to have emanated from her uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, King of Hanover, touching the succession to the throne, which, on feeling the pulse of the nation, the friends of the Duke suffered to subside.

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\*Alex. Bain laid claim to the distinction of being the discoverer or inventor of the electric telegraph, but Mr. Morse proved too strong for the humble Scotch journeyman watchmaker in American courts of law, and the man who constructed the electric telegraph between London and Blackwall had to take a back seat.

## CHAPTER XXII.

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Is there for honest poverty wha hangs his head an' a' that?  
The coward slave we pass him by, an' daur be puir for a' that.

—*Burns.*

THE poor law of England (of 43d Elizabeth) was intended as a compensation for the loss which the helpless poor had sustained by the destruction of the religious houses throughout the land, the work of her father, Henry VIII. Officers under this new law were elected in open vestry on Easter Tuesday, for one year, with the option of serving or paying a fine, which for an overseer was £100. If elected a second time it was left to the elected party's option to serve or not. This enactment had stood the test of two centuries, but became the basis of fearful abuse. Indeed, whatever good pertained to the enactment of good Queen Bess was pretty nearly extinct by the time it descended to our days of the Sailor King. The management of the poor in those days, like the government of Ireland in the present, appeared to defy all legislatorial tinkering. All labor-saving machinery was speedily consumed by the torch of the midnight incendiary. The farmer had his land tilled by the roundsman system, than which a system more destructive to the self-sustaining independence of the individual could not be conceived short of the nether regions. Consequently, the poor-rate was fearfully augmented, so that the richer the land the

higher the rate. Thus, while seven shillings in the pound sufficed for the comparatively poor land of the center of Surrey, it rose to twenty-two shillings in the pound in the rich wealds of Kent. For a practical knowledge of the then existing state of things in England I refer the reader to the preamble of Lord Brougham's Poor Law Amendment Act.

Individually the parish officers of Camberwell were in support of Brougham's efforts, and such measures as were carried in that spirit during their first year's service were by the rate-payers duly appreciated, and the means of leading a large majority to make requisition for our services for another year, which was complied with on understanding that to reassess the parish would be their earliest endeavor, and when such were fairly before the parish the people craved the active co-operation of all who were desirous of such a measure. The vote was such as to give rise to the coarse Tory opposition above spoken of. Baldwin, the proprietor of the *Standard* (the man who said in his journal that it would be to the advantage of England were all her manufactories destroyed), under the auspices of the vicar, led the opposition against the overseers and called for a revision of the vote of Easter. There being no opposition on the part of the officers a meeting was convened by them, as it were, for the purpose of trying themselves, the chair occupied by the vicar of St. Giles, Camberwell, and the hall crammed. They having called a meeting it devolved on the officers to make known its purpose. Daniel Triquet said: "The object of this meeting is to revise or rescind certain resolutions passed at a former meeting of your-

selves. The action referred to on Easter Tuesday placed in power your present officers, and if I may be allowed to speak for my brother officers, in common with myself, I would say that while we enjoy the honor of the trust which has been placed in our hands we are by no means insensible of the nature of its responsibilities. We leave the investigation of our conduct in your hands untrammelled." A spirited meeting terminated in a vote of thanks to and an expression of confidence in the present officers of St. Giles, Camberwell. Not a soul left the parish in consequence of our over-assessments, as they were termed, but to allay all bitter hostility we established a committee of appeal of eighteen gentlemen, before whom cases in dispute should be brought, all expenses in the way of appraising to fall on the party found in error. This scheme worked admirably, threw oil upon the troubled waters, and brought the labors of the three triumphant parochial officers to a successful termination, having by dint of much labor and some tongue-fighting augmented the rental assessable to the extent of £48,000 and reduced the poor-rate from five shillings in the pound to three shillings and nine pence in the pound per annum. The novelty of voting for members of parliament now presented itself to the middle class, and our reform club was far from being idle in canvassing our district of the metropolitan borough of Lambeth on behalf of the two successful candidates, Charles E. D'Eyncourt and Benjamin Hawes, Junior, Esquires. One of the first acts of the reform parliament was to pass the poor law amendment act. Henceforth all parochial matters were placed under the

management of a board of guardians, eighteen in number, elected by the plurality of voting system. That is, according to the extent of the voter's assessment to the support of the poor shall his power to dispense it be regulated. Now this measure, according to its preamble, among other things fully intended to eschew all semblance to the older system, even to the exclusion of those persons who participated in the affairs of the past fossil. I therefore regard the fact of placing my name among the successful candidates for the honor of sitting on that board as one of the most unmistakable compliments and marks of esteem that my fellow-parishioners could confer. At this board I felt less at home than I did at the old work-house board, of which the overseer was necessarily a prominent member and the board itself composed of materials much more in unison with my own position in society—several my intimate neighbors. Here I am in contact with men moving in a more elevated atmosphere, higher in wealth, in education, influence, in habit of prestige, and that which I will not rank among the higher attributes, and which happily was confined to a few—*contemptible hauteur*. What did I possess, or did I possess anything, to fit me for such society? I'll look in and see. On self-examination I found a mass of contrarieties, the predominant ingredient being a stubborn, unconquerable Scotch pride, which enabled me to look and laugh at airs assumed, and which can be turned to practical advantage if kept under control. I also found my knowledge of the poor of the parish a powerful incentive to respect and deference on the part of my seventeen compeers, who were doubtless practiced in eleemosynary relief, but



found that to administer relief to the poor by act of parliament involved duties with which they were entirely unacquainted, and for necessary information had to be beholden to the ex-overseer or to the paid officers of the parish, who might not be present when wanted. It required but a few evenings to find ease and homely comfort in the meetings. An anecdote told by Sir John Pirie, one of the most efficient members of the board, is worthy of a place here as an illustration of Scottish character. After a hard afternoon's work the board relapsed into a chatty, social mood, the conversation—on the constituent elements necessary to form a business man—shaping itself into a friendly argument. Integrity, punctuality, perseverance and other attributes shared the common praise, and their opposites the common censure. But the question assumed a more definite shape as to which of the three first-named qualities was the most important ingredient in the compound. After several speeches Sir John arose and said, "I am gratified with the remarks made on this important subject, and feel inclined to depart from my usual practice of silence on occasions of this kind and to say a few words in behalf of the opinions advanced in favor of perseverance. Some twenty years ago I was informed that a ragged but cleanly boy had called at the outer office of my establishment in the city, day after day, at precisely the same hour, for more than a week. 'What does he want?' 'He wants to see you.' 'Have you asked if he has any business with the house?' 'I have, sir, and he answers in the affirmative, but it can only be done with you personally.' 'Is he likely to call again?' 'I should think him dead should

he fail to make his call at ten to-morrow morning.' 'Then if he does call, and I am here, bring him in.' Sure enough, the sonorous sound of Bow Bell had not ceased to vibrate the hour of ten when the timid knock of the little fellow was the open sesame to the business establishment of the greatest ship owner in the world, the man who had but a few months ago descended from the loftiest seat of the greatest city in the world. His little body clothed in a shabby corduroy suit, out at elbows, and his curly pow surmounted by a blue bonnet, with shoes barely keeping his toes from the stony street, and a small bundle squeezed so tightly under his arm as to indicate fear that his property was jeopardized by the interview, there stood the boy, bonnet in hand, before me," said Sir John, "inspiring confidence at the first glance. Still I deemed it a duty thus to interrogate him closely:

"'I am informed you called repeatedly at the office to see me; now I stand before you, let me ask you what is your business with me?'

"'I want employment, sir.'

"'Employment? Is that all?'

"'It is everything to me, sir.'

"'That may be true, but mine is not an employment office. Did any one tell you to apply to me for employment?'

"'Yes, my mither telt me, sir. She said that if ever I be spared to reach London to be sure and ask your guidance. She telt me you had been a puir laddie once yersel', and that ye left the toon o' Dunse wi' very little siller in yer pouch, and ye had only half a croon when ye reached London; that ye was a guid

man, that ye read yer Bible, that ye prospered in business, that the folks o' London loved ye and made ye Lord Mayor, that the folks o' Dunse were proud o' ye, and that ——'

"Here I had to stop him by asking him where his mother was that was so lavish in her praises of an individual she could not possibly know.

" 'Know? she kens ye weel, my faither was second gardener o' Dunse Castle; he died whan I was young; my mither has since then worked hard tae keep me at the schule. Her knowledge of you and your family was during her young and happy days. She aften made me greet in speakin' o' them, and no that seldom grat hersel'."

" 'How did you get so far from home?'

" 'I started on fit, but had mony a lift.'

" 'How much money did you possess on starting on a journey of four hundred miles on foot?'

" 'Nine shillings, the wages of the half year's herding in the Lammermuirs.'

"I confess," said Sir John, "to a little suspicion from his ready answers, and trying him in another way. 'Please to name the prominent men of Dunse when you left.' And it was grateful to my ear, being a native of the place, to listen to a long, clear roll of clergymen, school-masters, doctors, lawyers, merchants and tradesmen, which he rattled off, many of whom were familiar names and dearly beloved friends. Seeing that I was losing ground I ceased to interrogate, and stooped to business. 'What can you do should I make room in this office for you?'

" 'Deed, I can do but little, but I can soon learn

mair. In the meantime, I can supe the house and rin an errand.'

" 'I have never asked your name.'

" 'Georgy Denham.'

" 'Well, George, consider yourself one of us, and at ten to-morrow you can draw in advance what you require to get rid of your corduroys.' And when I inform you, gentlemen, that the boy of twenty years ago and the gentleman now in charge of my books is one and the same person you will not marvel at my giving perseverance the preference in your discussion."

About this time the parish sustained a serious loss. The new system of heating buildings by hot air ramifying in pipes had been two years in operation in the grand old parish church, when the smell of smouldering fire on the evening of a very cold Sunday was felt. The wardens went through the form of a superficial examination, locked the doors, and pocketing the keys left the ancient Gothic edifice to its fate. By eight o'clock on the following morning a mass of black ruins marked the spot whereon stood one of the finest specimens of its kind for seven hundred years, dating back to the days of Edward the Confessor. The rebuilding of the church gave rise to a bitter controversy. The taste of the reverend incumbent could not be satisfied short of a £40,000 structure. Others, perhaps equally orthodox, would have been contented with an edifice at a much less cost; a third party, again, held that the burden of building a new church should not be saddled on the parish, but on those who worshiped in it. A well finished perspective drawing of an architectural design, which met the views of the

incumbent and his party, settled the matter, and now St. Giles, Camberwell, is ornamented with a very costly accommodation for the few at the expense of the many.

In the course of these events I happened to be eyewitness to three great fires—the Tower of London, the Royal Exchange and the Houses of Parliament—involving the loss of historical buildings impossible to replace. The Thames tunnel was also concocted, begun and finished during these busy years of adventure. An accident happened in the process of construction which threatened destruction to the whole scheme. The excavation had successfully reached about half-way across, when suddenly, without any warning, the angry Thames broke in upon seven poor souls, who were instantly washed back to the entrance, to find the doors hung the wrong way, and their retreat irremediably cut off. This untoward event cast a gloom on the scientific world, of which the community partook, all but the great inventor himself, who immediately applied his brain to the remedy. He stopped the leak by means of sandbags and clay, and by powerful pumps emptied the cavity in an incredibly short space of time, went on to its satisfactory completion, thereby setting the egg on end to all tunnel builders in the future.

Not long after this achievement Mr. Brunel met with a personal accident which very nearly cost him his valuable life. In his hours of relaxation from business he was wont to play with the children, making himself one of them, and on one occasion he was dis-tending their wondering eyes by sleight-of-hand tricks with coin, and by some unaccountable means a half

sovereign got into his throat, and there it stuck for several days, bidding defiance to the surgical skill of the metropolis. A bulletin every half hour announced the painful condition of the patient, till a conversation was overheard in the kitchen by a member of the family which was anything but complimentary to the faculty, one of the servants declaring that she knew what would cure her master. This being made known to the physician in charge of the case he sought an interview with the eloquent maid, who, being brought face to face with him and the family, thought she was about to be rebuked for her freedom of speech, but was greatly relieved by a kind interrogatory on the part of the doctor, if she would please explain the theory of the curative she spoke of in the kitchen last evening touching the case in hand, stating that in the event of its being reasonable he might be induced to avail himself of it, and if successful she alone should reap the honor. Thus encouraged, the girl stated that while in the service of a family in Scarborough one of her fellow-servants, playing with a silver thimble and pretending to swallow it, got it so fixed in her throat that it baffled all the skill of the doctors to remove it. Everybody thought she must die, when a young doctor from Newcastle, hearing of the case, suggested that as a dernier ressort the patient should be suspended by her heels. This experiment was put in force, and while in that position it was fearful to witness her struggles for breath; she grew black in the face, but, thank God! the thimble tumbled on the floor. The physician listened to the girl's simple story, and lost no time in gravely submitting the proposition that such an experiment

might be tried with Mr. Brunel. The family, having lost all hope of saving his life, readily acquiesced, and accordingly the great engineer was subjected to the painful ordeal, and a nation had to thank God that the insignificant metallic representation of a paltry sum of ten shillings trundled on the carpet. It is needless here to observe that the loquacious servant was not forgotten by the liberal family to whose happiness she unwittingly contributed. Another extraordinary surgical case transpired about this time. The laws of China are based on the philosophy of Confucius, who seemed to have had an overweening regard for human blood, so much so, that even in the process of necessary healing there should not be a drop spilled.

I make mention of the case of Hoo Loo to show the folly of such an enactment as is built on this dread of blood-letting in China. This poor fellow had a tumor on the lower part of his abdomen, the removal of which, taken in time, it was asserted by the faculty, was susceptible of being performed in safety. But in the event of a failure in the use of the scalpel, so that the patient dies in consequence of its application, the life of the surgeon using it is called for to satisfy the law. Hoo Loo, whose rapidly increasing appendage now touched the ground, seeing his end approaching, agreed to accompany the physician of a London ship for the purpose of having it removed.

This case was put under the care of Sir Aston Key, at Guy's Hospital, Southwark, who reluctantly assumed the responsibility, saying there was a very faint hope of saving the life of the patient. The case was unprecedented, and provoked an immense popular sympathy

in his preparation for the knife. An hourly bulletin was posted on the hospital gates announcing his condition, and when the morning dawned whereon the great test of human skill versus human tenacity of life was to be made the intervals between the bulletins was shortened to five minutes. The history of the sequel of this interesting case cannot, I think, be given better than by recording the bulletins as I then read them as announced on that day :

Hoo Loo is cheerful, ate breakfast with fair appetite, 8:30; Hoo Loo preparing for the operation, 9 o'clock; Hoo Loo in hospital theater, bearing up well, 9:30; Hoo Loo's tumor removed, vitality hopeful, 10 o'clock; Hoo Loo not so well, a slight fever set in, 10:30; Hoo Loo rallying, 11 o'clock; Hoo Loo worse, with return of fever, 11:30; Hoo Loo hopelessly sinking, 12 o'clock; Hoo Loo worse, hemorrhage set in, 12:30; Hoo Loo sinking, no hope in the case, 1 o'clock; Hoo Loo dying, 1:30; Hoo Loo died at 2 minutes to 2 o'clock. All signed in person by Sir Aston Key, who, next to Sir Astley Cooper, was at this time considered the leading surgeon in England.

Thus was added one more human life to the long list lying at the door of Confucius. But doubtless it was not so intended by that great philosopher.

I had had, from time to time, friendly visits from William Sue, who had married a second cousin of mine, who had many years ago settled in Rouen, in Normandy, and whose skill in the construction of wind-mills attracted the attention of Louis Philippe, then Duc D'Orleans. William's fortune rose with his patron, and when Charles X fell from his high



estate, and La Fayette, like a second Warwick, set up Louis Philippe in his place, it might have been said that his fortune was made.

The firm of Messrs. Sue, Adkins & Barker became famous throughout Europe for the excellence of their marine and other engines. An incident may here be recorded to show how the firm stood with the king. The Duc de Chartres, the eldest-born of the king, was dispatched to investigate and report upon the manufactures of Rouen, and on such occasions it is the duty of the mayor of the city to furnish the delegated authority with a list of all the fabriques (as they are called) within his jurisdiction. On the return of the report the king discovered the omission of the concern in which he was the most interested, and gave orders that no time be lost in redeeming the insult by a special visit to Messrs. Sue, Adkins & Barker, also to inquire whence the garbled list. The prince and suite were handsomely entertained by the firm, and Monsieur Le Maire snubbed for his petty jealousy of the successful English mechanics whose prosperity was not in accordance with his will. William had several patents on the tapis, covering England as well as France, which brought him frequently across the channel, and every visit was accompanied by a cordial invitation to return the visit, to which at length I consented. After a pleasant day's sail from London we arrived in Boulogne in the evening of July 4, 1841, and started for Rouen on the 5th; slept at Beauvais and breakfasted at Neufchatel, from the latter commanding one of the finest views in the world from the eminence over which the road passes. There lies the antique city of Rouen at your feet in all its rich

grandeur; its splendid cathedrals and churches; the ancient tower of the cloche l'argent (to form this bell the patriotic ladies of the time poured in their trinkets and their household gods, hence the name); the old market place where stands the memento of England's superstitious cruelty in the statue of the heroic Maid of Orleans, pointing out the spot whereon she was burned alive; Mont St. Catherine, whereon the first telegraph was erected; the noble boulevards that ornament the suburbs, albeit their beauty is by illy-chosen foliage (Lombardy poplar) much impaired; the beautiful Seine, meandering as far as the eye can reach through a magnificent country teeming in historical reminiscences. This was for centuries the battlefield of two enlightened nations. In the pleasant suburban village of Chartreuse I found my friend at the head of a firm employing four hundred men. "Welcome to France, David," he said; "and now we have you, make yourself at home as long as you like to stay. There is the gig at your service when you want to drive to the city, or a saddle-horse for the forest when you desire to see our French scenery. The Juliet fêtes are at hand; I shall have to be in Paris on that occasion, and now look to you for a companion: go by land, return by water." Thus my sojourn in La Grande Nation was all cut and dried by Monsieur William Sue, who was so Frenchified as to find it irksome to speak his mother-tongue, and so busy that I saw but little of him. Still he did introduce me to La Société d'Emulation and his club, but my lack of language took the edge off the pleasure I should otherwise have had. I was more delighted in scanning the richly carved monuments in the interior of the

cathedrals, also the sculpture and paintings at the Musée. A few days prior to the fêtes we started for the great city, took up our quarters in Hotel l'Empereur, and hastened to an English rendezvous for the purpose of meeting the hero of St. Jean d'Acre, Sir Sidney Smith, but were five minutes too late. He it was who challenged Napoleon Bonaparte to mortal combat, which fact proved the basis of a romantic and life-long attachment between the two heroes. We did Paris as much as possible in the limited time at our command, and embarked by steamer down the Seine to Rouen, through the most delightfully variegated scenery the whole length of the passage.

Among things to be admired in France is the effect of the abrogation of the law of primogeniture. The census of 1834 showed that in a population of 33,000,000 there were no less than 11,000,000 having a direct interest in the land.

The manner of transacting business of importance is also worthy of notice here, which a case in point may serve to show:

"I want you to accompany me to the breakfast table of Mons. —, the best boat-builder in Paris, and observe how we do business on this side of the Channel. You will take notice that all bargains and contracts are struck at the breakfast table by and through the medium of the lady of the house; when signed and countersigned by a notary public they are binding." This invitation I readily accepted from William, and spent a very agreeable morning. The sumptuous meal over, the lady, in the presence of her husband, dotted down that for the consideration of so many thousand

francs she bound herself to deliver to the firm of Messrs. Sue, Adkins & Barker, at Rouen, on a given day, a vessel of so many tons burthen, built so as to receive an engine of a given power and weight, and to draw just so much water as to fit her for the navigation of the upper Seine. His business completed, and the Juliet fêtes in commemoration of the barricades of 1830, with all their folly annually perpetrated, now it became necessary to change the scene from the Seine to the Thames—from happy France to happier England. With that intent I bade adieu to Rouen and its hospitalities, and embarked on the steamer *Normandie* for Havre de Grace, on the deck of which was sunk a coffin-shaped sheet of brass to mark the spot whereon lay the remains of the great Napoleon on their way from St. Helena to the Hotel des Invalides, his last resting-place.

The scenery of the lower is bolder and more historically interesting than that of the upper Seine. Here the picturesque haunts of Robert Le Diable, and there the birthplace of William the Conqueror, at old Caen; also the ancient towns of Harfleur and Honfleur, also the beautiful chateau and estate of Tankerville, once the property of the celebrated financier, John Law, terminating with the grand old town and harbor of Havre de Grace. Then farewell, France, politically tempest-tossed nation. Already the seat of your new king is a seat of thorns. A few years later we find him an exile in Holyrood House, Edinburgh. Refugees of all nations seek and find shelter and safety on this little island of ours. Long may she maintain her enviable position among the nations of the earth.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

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Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,  
Tho' enequaled, preceded, the task was begun—  
But Grattan sprung up like a God from the tomb  
Of ages, the first, last, the Savior, the One.

—*Byron.*

THE famine of 1846 in the sister kingdom, while claiming its victims by tens of thousands, was by no means unfelt in England and Scotland. My business was thereby ruined and my houses partially untenanted, so that I very soon found myself unable to meet my engagements. After struggling for more than a year, getting deeper in debt, with the help of friends, and seeing no other alternative, I resolved to bring my property to the hammer. I wrote to Mr. Horne, of whom I had borrowed £3,000, to that effect. That gentleman's answer, inclosing a £50 Bank of England note, breathed the kindest feelings of commiseration and earnest advice against my resolution to sell, proffering to forego the interest on his loan until it was convenient to pay. But the die was cast. On the pouring wet 28th of February, 1848, property worth over £7,000 was, from the paucity of buyers, sold for £4,600, a sum which, after all claims were satisfied, left me a sorry margin. The cash from the sale was to be paid in June, but delayed until July. In the interim I had to combat the friendly objections to my choosing the States for my new field of action on the part of the under secretary of state for the colonies. Mr. Hawes expressed his sorrow that I should have to leave England, "but in the event of your so doing,"

he said, "pray choose one of our colonies, that I may be of service to you," a hint that I have sometimes thought myself silly not to heed. But a desire I had fostered for many years to visit the great republic not only conquered all overtures to the contrary but served as a solace to the severe trials I was then undergoing.

On polemics I have been purposely silent, deeming sentiments thereon to be the private property of the individual. Still I feel that to leave England without a passing word of farewell to the Society of Friends I should be doing an injustice to that warm-hearted people. My connection for many years with the Anti-Slavery, Peace, Temperance, and other kindred societies had the effect of drawing me into close contact with the salt of the earth, among which stands prominently the Society of Friends. My admiration of the "Quakers" induced me to worship with that people for the last seven years of my English life. In short, I became very much enamored of their mode of worship. Never before was I so impressed with the true eloquence of silence in waiting upon the manifestation of spirituality. The kindly feeling manifested by that people on my departure for America can never be forgotten, and I regret the pinching hand of poverty which induced me to decline the acceptance of the handsome present of a copy of every book in their extensive library.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

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To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,  
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;  
Where a man is a man if he's willing to toil,  
It's there he will gather the fruits of the soil.

—*Mackay.*

ON the 11th of August, 1848, on leaving money with Mr. Clements for the transit of my family, I took leave of all that was dear to me, on my pioneer excursion; took passage in the *Britannia*, at Liverpool, on the 12th; arrived at Halifax on the 24th, Boston on the 26th. The enterprise of the press of America was made manifest by the news we brought over with us being sold, of which we were the bearers, before we reached the depot to take our tickets for New York. Arriving at Stonington I was surprised to find myself on board of a beautiful steamer, the *Vanderbilt*. We arrived at New York on the following day. My first desire was to find Frederick Wheeler, my wife's only brother, whom I found in Philadelphia, with his wife, boarding with a Quaker lady. While sitting at supper one evening one of the boarders left the table in haste for a few minutes; she returned and asked the lady if any one had been to her room. Upon being answered in the negative she then said, "I have lost a purse of money and a gold watch." Upon this announcement several

followed her example, with a like result. I took the alarm and went myself, finding my two trunks, with locks wrenched off and the clothes scattered, but nothing stolen. Going to the theater the night before I put my money round my waist. On the following day I asked the parties if they intended applying to the police, an idea which they seemed to scout, preferring spiritualistic means to recover their property,—my first lesson in this American folly. Curiosity led me to postpone my journey back to New York, to witness the fun. The losers went in a body to Dr. Knapp, whose medium sat with her back to him, blindfolded. He, facing the audience, asked the questions, and received the answers through the medium, but nothing touching the whereabouts of the stolen property transpired.

I had arranged with Mr. Earl, an artist, whose acquaintance I made in Peckham, and who intended to embark with his family to New York, when they arrived to mail a letter for me, to be left till called for. I did call several times, perceiving by the papers that the vessel had arrived in which they embarked; but still no letter. I was put to considerable expense to find him, which led us mutually to call on the postmaster to ascertain the reason his letter was not delivered to me. We were well received by the postmaster, who rang a bell and demanded the clerk to deliver a letter directed to Mr. Johnston, which the clerk did.

The postmaster thanked me for the pains I had taken, and was pleased to say that such were necessary to insure perfectibility in the office. Finding the character of Mr. Connolly, the man discharged, to be good, I vent-



ured to beseech the postmaster, on behalf of his wife and three children, to reconsider his loss of position, which he did, and I had the satisfaction of personally receiving thanks from both the employer and employe on the following day. Under the advice of Fred I procured a soldier's warrant for \$108, which was good for 160 acres of land, wheresoever found unpreëmpted in Uncle Sam's extensive domain. In quest of that ideal home I started for the far west. My admiration of the beautiful scenery of the Hudson was only surpassed when first I caught a glimpse of that wonderful inland sea at Buffalo, of which I had read so much. Nor was it impaired by a voyage to Chicago on the superb steamer *Empire City*, which was delightfully interesting, a description of which appeared in the *London Weekly Dispatch*. Chicago in 1848 was anything but a tempting place whereon to pitch one's tent. The Tremont House was then in the process of building, but such was the general aspect of the town that a slice of its land in any part of it, if blessing at all, would have been a blessing in disguise. The state of Illinois had just been formed and admitted into the family of commonwealths. The waters of the Mississippi were joined to those of Lake Michigan by means of a canal from Chicago to Peru, and ground was either broken or about to be broken for a railroad between Chicago and Galena. By canal I went to Peoria, thence to Princeville. In the neighborhood of this little place I inspected a quarter-section of fine, undulating prairie land, whereon I thought I might pitch my tent, all other things being equal. On my way back to the village I called at the only human dwell-

ing within a mile of the spot. It was a log-cabin, presenting a scene of misery such as I have never seen the like before nor since. The door was hanging by one hinge; the window-sash had evidently once contained six panes of glass, for one, though broken, still remained. The other five apertures where transparency was intended were now rendered opaque by means of an unseemly mass of unwashed remnants of human clothing, not forgetting the hat. Notwithstanding the forbidding appearance of the external aspect of the domicile I ventured to essay a knowledge of the interior. "Unwelcome" stood out in bold relief on the countenance of the eight inmates. The head of the house was a man of forty, who, though handsome, evinced the most villainous expression. His head he carried five feet nine from the ground he trod on; his frame was muscular, his action agile, and his black hirsute covering might have adorned a dandy, if, like the mother of Hood's lost heir, he only took time to show it the comb. A description of the mother and of the six half-naked offspring is, by the above picture of the man, I think, the work of supererogation. On my way to the tavern I called, on invitation, to take tea with the Methodist minister, who informed me after supper that the individual whom I visited was known in the neighborhood as a murderer, and it would be unsafe to preëempt land in his locality. This testimony was corroborated by others, and settled the question of changing the field of prospecting. In the course of the evening a Mr. McClennan, a Scotch farmer, arrived to stay for the night. He was on his way to Peoria with wheat; should be back here on the mor-

row, and proposed to carry me to Elmira, a land of milk and honey. We rode through a rich, promising country twenty miles, and I had a real Highland welcome in the bosom of his family, and on the following morning was introduced to John Turnbull, who, at the moment of our approach, was in the act of laying the first brick of a new dwelling. The mechanic who contracted to build this house was a Mr. O'Grady, a good bricklayer from New York and London. John gave me a hearty welcome and expressed a wish that I should stay with them till the house was finished. I told him that my family was still in London, that until navigation opened in the spring I should be locked up in the west, and should be happy, on conditions, to accept of his hospitality.

“What are the conditions?”

“That you will give me something to do,” which met with nothing but pooh-poohing till I pulled out my bricklayer's trowel, and then they saw that I was in earnest, and allowed me to build the inner walls and help Grady, who had dropped the prefix of his name, on the inner part of the outer walls. I was also enabled to be useful on the roof and in glazing eleven windows, and in putting on several coats of paint, so that in consequence of my little help the family was enabled to get safely housed in the new mansion before the keen winds of the severe winter of 1848-9 set in, for which they expressed cordial thanks. Grady, in receiving his pay in gold, threw down two ten dollar pieces, which he, with John's help, insisted on my accepting for my labor. He also said that if I should settle there and would help him build the new school-house, for which

he had already contracted, he would build a house for my family similar to the one he had just finished for Mr. Turnbull and charge me nothing, which led me to think that my services were overestimated. Be that as it may, the partiality shown on the part of the individuals named seemed to pervade the community at large, for scarcely had the paint on the door-panels dried before the three school commissioners called on me and expressed a wish for me to keep school in the district for the ensuing five months at the tempting salary of twelve dollars per month. Seeing that I was at all events fixed for the winter, what better amusement during its long, dreary days and evenings than keeping school? So I rode on horseback to La Fayette, nine miles, to the superintendent, to pass examination and obtain my certificate. I passed this ordeal evidently more to his satisfaction than to my own, for he offered me an advance of three dollars a month to induce me to teach in his own district. I thanked him and excused myself on the score of the friendship existing with the people of Elmira. On my way back I was overtaken by a blinding snow-storm, and was glad (not altogether free from a sense of danger) to take shelter in the first cabin that fell in my path. Pleased was I to find myself snugly ensconced in the comfortable dwelling of the venerable Mr. Oliver, Mrs. Turnbull's father, who entreated me to stay until the storm subsided, which took three days. Forty members of Young America, male and female, assembled in the old log school-house to be taught the common school rudiments by one who stood as much in need of instruction as any of his charge, but other duties of equal importance, to

say the least, pressed themselves upon me. With the girls I had no trouble, but several of the more advanced boys were difficult to manage. Among the objectionable habits of the boys, that of chewing tobacco I was determined to break, at least when practiced in school hours. Such, indeed, was the character of one young man, who shall here be nameless, that the neighbors were unanimous in their desire to keep him away from the school altogether, but I am happy to say their arguments were unavailing. I learned that his brutally ignorant father was credited with the cause of the very faults he essayed to cure by beating the boy with a heavy stick, and on one occasion nearly killing him with a rail. Resolved to test the law of kindness in such a case I tried to reach him in a variety of strategic manœuvres, but utterly failed, and I confess to having been painfully disheartened one day when he in wanton cruelty rammed a pin into the fleshy part of a girl's arm. This crime was too bad to be passed unnoticed, and I requested him to remain after the school was dismissed. I then informed him that I had searched the locality in vain to find one citizen, male or female, to speak well of him, all having declared that he was incorrigible, and that providence had sent him a friend. I had also endeavored to find a cause for his wanton brutality; I said that he had been charged with an attempt to stab my predecessor; that his father had taken the wrong means in chastising him in a brutal manner; that on one occasion he had knocked him down with a rail—the effect of all which had hardened his nature and made him a second Ishmael, but that, in opposition to the whole neighborhood, I should proffer him my kind-

ness, and he might rely upon me to be his friend forever. He burst into tears, and from that moment became an exemplary youth.

I had the satisfaction at a subsequent period of meeting this person at the Illinois fair at Chicago, a prosperous farmer and father of a family. In 1872 I visited Elmira. I found he had departed this life.

At the close of my term, and on the receipt of \$60 for my five months' work, I turned my steps to New York, there to meet all that were dear to me on earth. Mr. Turnbull drove me to Chillicothe, on the Illinois river. The California fever was then at its zenith, and it was certainly a strange sight to see so many covered wagons laden with human beings, many of whom had sold their farms and broken up their homes to traverse that horrid wilderness in their eager thirst for gold. On our way we called on the genial borderer, Mr. Davidson, the veritable Dandy Dinmont of Sir Walter Scott.

On the 5th of April, 1849, I bade good-by to the kind-hearted, hospitable John Turnbull, who returned to spend the night with Davidson, and I to embark on board the Revolution steamer for St. Louis, thence to Pittsburgh on the steamer Consignee, thence up the Monongahela river to Brownsville, thence by coach to Cumberland, thence by rail down through Harper's Ferry and the valley of the classical Potomac to Baltimore, thence to Philadelphia and New York, where I remained long enough to witness one of the most disgraceful scenes that could be perpetrated by a community calling itself civilized. The celebrated tragedian, Mr. Macready, was closing up his farewell tour

in America, and was announced to play in the Astor House for two nights, when a malicious opposition was got up on the part of the rōughs, instigated, it was said, by his American rival, Forrest, but certainly fanned into flame by a worthless wretch of the cognomen of Ben Buntling. This creature harangued the ruffians into fury by a species of slang in the public park unmolested by the authorities, the burden of their idiotic song being "codfish aristocracy." The conduct of part of the audience on the first night was so rude as to induce Macready to decline playing on the following evening. The drowsy authorities then half awoke to a sense of their danger. "What!" said they, "shall the great city of New York be given up to the governance of a rabble?" The élite of old Manhattan, headed by poets, editors and eminent literary characters, with which the island abounds, waited on the histrionic chief and earnestly besought him to fulfill his engagement. Yielding to their importunities he essayed to play on the second evening. The mob returned in tenfold fury and numbers, tore down the iron railings, burst open the doors, and would doubtless have destroyed the opera house but for the tardy mayor, backed by the military, appearing on the dastardly scene. The riot act was read, unheeded by the fools, nor did they disperse until thirty-three of their number bit the dust in mortal agony. For the part Ben played in this wholesale murder he was sent to Sing Sing prison for two years.

Advised by letter that my family had embarked at London on board of the bark Earl Durham, I took up my abode on Staten Island to await their arrival. In a

little more than a month, after a passage of seven weeks and three days, in a dense fog, the Durham safely anchored in the harbor. Counting heads, I missed one of our progeny. "Where is Emma? Is she hiding?" "Emma is still in England with Aunt Parker," my wife said, explaining the reason for leaving her behind.

Seated in council at Rucastle's hotel in reference to our future course, my wife requested the assistance of a man of the name of Steers, who came out in the same ship with the family, and, strange to say, who had rendered himself sufficiently obnoxious on the passage by his hauteur. But the influence of money is potent, and he brought £7,000 with him and several votes, so he was invited to participate in the councils which were destined to govern our future steps in securing a living for ten in family. In their best room the two families convened to legislate for the future course of one of said families. The *ipsi dixit* of the moneyed man was parliament enough for the occasion. The discussion resolved itself into town versus country for the pivot of our action in the future. One hundred and sixty acres of fine land in the midst of a civilized community, with other advantages, together with my ten months' American experience, were all held at naught by this worshiper of the God of Mammon and his satellites. Indeed, I had the mortification of standing alone in a proposition on which unmistakably hung the welfare of our family. The evil consequences of this decision are ever present with me, and will avault only at my grave. Had it been accomplished by dint of intelligent argument the reflection



might have been partially relieved of its bitterness, and I might have been reconciled to the loss of the tangible advantages of my ten months' pioneering, but to think of being stultified by pompous ignorance is too much, and that, too, displayed on the part of a man to those placed under his charge. But think of seven thousand pounds, all in hard cash, pitted against something short of one hundred. This man settled in Marquette county, Wis., lent out his cash to needy neighbors, and died with a universal reputation of having been a man of very sharp practice in his dealings with those under his thumb.

This vote, having the effect of casting aside all my pioneering efforts, and that by my own consent, has left an impression on my mind which I have hitherto failed to remove, and which, I suppose, will there stick till the last hour. In this debate which resolved itself into town versus country, of course, town carried the vote, and to town we sailed. Arrived at Milwaukee, I rigged up a small school-room and commenced teaching Young America. My school increased till I was earning at the rate of \$600 per annum, when Dr. James Johnson called to give me a chance to take charge of the first ward public school, assuring me that the board of commissioners, of which he was a member, intended to increase the salary of the teachers on the following year. My objection that to give up six for four would be anything but prudent was met by saying the people were determined to support the public schools, and with that view a new brick schoolhouse in each of the five wards of the city was now in process of erection, "and in unison with such sentiments I must

take my three sons from your select and place them in the public school, and I am authorized to say the same in regard to the three sons of John Furlong, an eminent merchant." These being prominent men in the city, and being myself much attached to the American system of common schools, I was forthwith installed as principal of the first ward school. My labors commenced in my new avocation in an old wooden church building, which in the dead of winter took fire at the shingle roof and was totally destroyed. This accident threw us prematurely into the unfinished brick building on Division street, in the basement of which business went on pretty smoothly during the cold weather; but when the spring of 1851 set in the ground was overloaded with snow, and a sudden change in the temperature, with rain, was the means of causing a street flood, and on opening the door one morning I found all the school furniture afloat. Thus, between fire and water, our experience the first year was rather rough. However, the building was hastened to a finish, and soon we were in comfortable quarters. The fiscal year terminated satisfactorily to all but the teachers, who, instead of being paid in cash, were paid in county scrip at a discount of twenty per cent, a remuneration which, with all our frugality, we found inadequate to support a family of ten persons, for we had added one to our number in the shape of an ingrate.

William McGarry had grown up in my service at Peckham, and when the day arrived that we must part his love for us waxed so strong that he would travel the world over with and for us, and if Mrs. J. would only advance the wherewithal to get him across the Atlantic,

being young and strong and willing to work, he would repay every farthing, with interest. I transmitted my consent, and he was added to our responsibilities. Mr. Alonzo Seaman took a lively interest in our struggles, and sold me a lot on time, whereon to place my school-room, and by reconstruction and addition convert it into a dwelling. Mr. George E. Harper Day (a relative of the Harpers of New York) became a warm friend, who, in his capacity of commissioner of schools, had favorably noticed our second daughter, Margaret, who was indeed somewhat precocious and evinced all the attributes of a natural teacher. This practical teacher's friend one day very agreeably astonished me by the gratifying intelligence that he had been daily watching Maggie's usefulness in the management of the class assigned to her, and that such talent and assiduity should not go unrequited. His next visit brought the welcome tidings that the board had placed her on the list of teachers with a salary of \$200 per annum, and dated her pay back six months; this before she had attained her fifteenth year. Her elder sister, Mary Ann, proved the domestic right hand of her mother in the management of the happy family. The board also kept faith with the dominies by augmenting their salary to the tune of \$50 for the ensuing year; this in the face of an enhanced price on fuel and many of the leading articles of family consumption. To make ends meet proved as difficult as on the previous twelve months notwithstanding another advance of \$50 for the third year, and relieved of the affectionate McGarry, who went on a farm at Summit, leaving his note for his

indebtedness to me as a kind of souvenir, I suppose, for never did I catch a glimpse of his handsome Irish face again. Mr. Henry Hull became a constant visitor at our little cottage, and no member of our little coterie was blind enough not to perceive that the bewitching eye of Maggie proved the vulnerable point of our family stronghold. At the close of the third year I determined to try other means by which to live. I had in my leisure hours looked a little into the mysteries of photography, and in the autumn of 1853 embarked in that business in East Water street, Milwaukee, and at the end of the year I found my indebtedness increased. In the spring of 1854 I opened a gallery in Waukesha, with no improvement in success. This year was eventful. While the great comet shone brightly in its eccentric course through the firmament the star of England was burnished by the great battle of Inkerman on the 5th of November, and the general aspect of the war in the Crimea. Henry Hull and Margaret were made one by Rev. Mr. Holmes in matrimony, while the Asiatic cholera raged in the village with fatal effects. In 1855, at the request of the village authorities, I kept one of their schools, returning to the camera September 8, 1855 (the day Sebastopol fell). In 1856 I satisfied my Milwaukee creditors by authorizing H. Hull to dispose of my hard-earned home. The balance came in the shape of forty acres of swamp school lands, which I parted with as an equivalent for instruction in the new method of making pictures on glass, patented by Cutting, of Boston, which patent was proved afterward to be worthless, from his having borrowed or stolen the formula from

another person in his employ, and from its having been in use in London for a year prior to his burdening the shelves of the Patent Office at Washington with his trash.

Up to this period I had been proof against the malarial diseases peculiar to a new country, and had the presumption to attribute this exemption to my many years' practice of teetotalism. Dearly did I pay for this self-righteous folly. Three long years did I suffer from this dire disease, twice a day shaking like an aspen leaf. My photographic instructions were given in Milwaukee, and I sojourned with my daughter, who, with her husband, were bigoted homœopathists, and I became utterly helpless on their hands, daily craving, in vain, of their favorite Esculapius to relieve my constipation, with which I had been afflicted for fourteen days. Mr. Willard Haskins, to whom I am indebted for the prolongation of my life, appeared at my bedside one day and desired me to go home to Waukesha with him. I showed him my helpless condition, and he clothed me and carried me down stairs, took me in a carriage to the depot, thence by rail to Waukesha, and there at home for several weeks he nursed me to health. I was then about fifty-three years of age, and now I am eighty-three, and I must say in common honesty I have never failed to tak aff ma dram frae that dreary day tae this.

In my convalescence I had the honor to recite the poem of Tam O' Shanter at the centennial of Burns' birthday at the Newhall House, Milwaukee, on the 25th January, 1859 (the day on which the local St. Andrew's Society was formed). Also at Madison and at the Epis-

copal mission, Nashota, I gave three Scotch entertainments, and elsewhere gave evenings with the poets. Leaving Waukesha we again took up our abode in Milwaukee, and there our eldest born, Mary Ann, was united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Love to W. H. Williams. The slave power about this time assumed an encroaching attitude. The unanswerable arguments of Sumner against that villainous power in his place as a representative of the people were met by the bludgeon or heavy cane of a consistent exponent of the then peculiar institution. And it was worthy of remark that for such striking arguments and such signal service the perpetrator was presented by certain women with a golden-headed cane. It became a matter of great solicitude with the American people as to who should be nominated for president for the ensuing term of four years, and the anti-slavery portion, with whom I ranked, was not a little disappointed in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln. The choice of the party seemed to fall on W. H. Seward, but the judgment of Horace Greeley ran counter thereto, and proposed the more suitable man for the crisis. Impatient of control, the pro-slavery element, accustomed to rule, acted as if they would rather rule in hell than serve in heaven. Such, indeed, was their infatuation and traitorous ambition that nothing short of civil war could satiate. Early in 1860 I went ahead of my family to Chicago, where we lived twenty-three years and experienced many vicissitudes. I have had the satisfaction of seeing all my daughters married and happy. The shading of the domestic picture is to be found in the dealings of death. The first sad blow of

that dread messenger fell on my only surviving son, John Washington, 27½ years of age, in whose death, from hemorrhage of the lungs, I not only lost a dear son, but in confidence a friend. Of the cause of his death I have something to say hereafter. Next of the family to pass away, after two painful operations for cancer, was poor Margaret, who bore her dreadful sufferings with remarkable fortitude, and died on the 25th of January, 1864, leaving two children, Alice and David. James Kavanaugh, too, was stricken down in his manly, robust youth, leaving two children, Jeanie and Marion, to be supported and brought into society by dint of the easel of their talented mother in Milwaukee. The Williams branch, also, was destined to taste of the scathing visitations of the destroying angel. Two fine children were snatched from their embrace at Fox Lake, and George, their only son, a most promising, bright boy, was taken from us at Milwaukee. Two noble girls, Hattie and May, survive to bless and comfort their sorrowing parents. Annie and her two daughters, Daisy and Mabel, both recently married, are happy.

We left the Badger State in 1860, and found the court house yard of Chicago occupied with all the habiliments of war in the dire expectation of the dogs being let loose. Nor had they long to wait. Too soon, to the eternal disgrace of Beauregard, the suicidal sounds of Fort Sumter were borne upon the breeze. My early efforts in Chicago were attended with success, and in 1864 I joined the St. Andrew's Society. My business at that time carried me among the machine shops, in which many Scotchmen were employed, who

nearly to a man were ready to argue against the propriety of becoming members thereof, on the ground chiefly of exclusiveness. Five dollars for the annual dinner was too steep for a workingman, the objector supposing that the whole of that sum was expended in the dinner. Hence the idea of forming a Caledonian Club in 1865. The club was formed, Robert Harvey, Esq., chief.



## CHAPTER XXV.

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I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues.

THE blood and treasure poured out so freely in the suppression of the rebellion were by no means offered up on the shrine of freedom. Notwithstanding Abraham Lincoln had expressed himself in controversy to the effect that a nation half free and half slave could not long exist, he felt constrained under the constitution to swear that under his rule he should do his best to keep it so. The removal of that foul blot, which had so long disgraced our otherwise fair escutcheon, we owe to the exigencies of war: showing that terrible as war is, it is not the worst of evils that afflict our erring race. The cost of that dreadful ordeal is most abundantly compensated by making this nation what it is. Never till I die can I cease to remember the intoxicating news of the fall of Richmond in Chicago. But oh! how fleet the overjoy! The bells had hardly ceased to vibrate on that national jubilation, when lo! the wires proclaimed the foul murder of the idol of a joyous people—Abraham Lincoln—at the hands of a daft theatrical, who shall here be nameless, stimulated by the blind enemies of “freedom” behind. The manner of the taking-off of that great, good man needs not any comment here. It is patent

to the world, and lamented by every well-regulated mind the world contains. The perpetrator of this deed of darkness evaded justice for about fourteen dreadful days, to be hunted and shot down like a wild beast. Where his body lies is known to very few. The incipient elements of this rebellion were characterized by a species of craft, or what may be termed low cunning, which reflects anything but credit to the prominent movers of the lost cause. For instance, take the conduct of Floyd. That gentleman occupied the office of secretary of war under James Buchanan—an office fraught with the utmost importance. In the hands of conservative patriotism a bulwark; in the hands of a traitor, dreadfully dangerous.

The part Floyd played in treacherous lust,  
Betraying of a nation's trust,  
While those in high power were sleeping—  
The potent means in his keeping  
Were ceded to the nation's foes,  
That deadlier might fall their blows  
Against our government and laws,  
While they exult in fiend's applause,  
In hopes that on the nation's ruin  
To build an odious despotism.

We have reason, I think, to thank heaven it was otherwise ruled. It was during the civil war that we had the misfortune to lose our only son—John Washington. I may here remark that that portion of his time which ought to have been devoted to out-door recreation while running his photographic gallery was spent in the cultivation of the arts of drawing and painting, which told on his lungs. In pursuit of art he went to New York, thence to Montreal, and improved in health greatly, and was on the eve of marriage with

a Miss Fraser in that city when we received the unwelcome news that he was prostrate from hemorrhage of the lungs, with fears that a second attack might prove fatal. No time must be lost in getting him home. His brother-in-law, John Balfour, to whom he was much attached, volunteered his services to repair to Canada and fetch the poor fellow home to die, which, with much care and delicacy, he performed to the satisfaction of all the members of the family. But it required only a few short months to finish the progress of the dire disease on his poor, emaciated frame. His remains were interred in Rosehill cemetery, nor had they long to lie alone, for in about three years the second grave in our little lot had to open to receive his sister Margaret. Maggie suffered much agony with great patience, and rallied sufficiently after her first operation to enable her to participate in a New Year's family gathering, whereat there were twenty members sitting down to dinner. All present entertained lively hopes of her recovery, but in a few days the virulent monster showed symptoms of having been only "scotched, not killed."

The loss of the Lady Elgin, January 18, and the great fire of Chicago merit a passing notice here; the former in 1860, the latter in 1871.

#### THE LADY ELGIN DISASTER.

States and nations in their endeavors to dispense with large standing armies find it necessary to use means by which to strengthen the volunteer arm.

Military companies deemed reliable are furnished with arms, accoutrements and halls wherein to drill, etc., at the public expense. In seasons of political excite-

ment, however, when partisanship runs high and manifestations of disloyalty ooze out, or, in other words, whensoever the attitude of a company shall become dubious as to how these arms shall be pro or con directed in case of a popular outbreak against the public peace, it becomes the duty of the governor of the state to cite the officer in command to the seat of government, and there subject him to a personal interrogatory, and on being found unreliable deprive his company of all their arms and military privileges whatsoever.

The party inimical to the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 was pretty outspoken, and the patriotism of not a few in Milwaukee fell under the suspicion of the state authorities. One of the suspects was Captain Barry, who was summoned to Madison to explain his position, or rather his sentiments, and, as far as he knew, or was willing to expose, those of the company under his command. The result of this inquiry proved adverse to the company, and disarmament was the result. But the boys, being spirited, and smarting under the frown of the state, resolved to keep up their organization by procuring guns of their own, and to raise the necessary means resolved on chartering the *Lady Elgin* to Chicago and back to Milwaukee, which, being accomplished, a very numerous party (about 400), provided with fine music, awaited the arrival of the steamer on the wharf at Milwaukee for some hours, notwithstanding the weather was rather rough. The passage to Chicago was spent in dancing and merry-making. On the early morning of one tempestuous day the *Lady Elgin*, with her precious freight of gay, light-hearted souls, arrived, and as the hour of de-

parture from Chicago was fixed for 11 p.m. the interim gave ample opportunity of doing the lions of Chicago, which was duly done. The weather in the meantime had increased in violence, and Captain Wilson, of the Elgin, was requested to delay his starting until morning, but having cattle on board, and other merchandise for the north, he could not comply therewith. And well do I remember on retiring to bed hearing through the howling storm of that fatal night the sounds of the strains of that music which was destined to usher them all, or nearly all, into eternity! And such was the hasty desire to resume that fascinating pastime (I am informed) that the steamer had scarcely cleared the lights of the harbor when the figurative marriage bell was ne'er so gay as with that joyous party, bound as they were by ties most sacred—by blood relationship, by intermarriage, by nationality, by political proclivity, and by religious faith. A more genial and happy company it were difficult to conceive. A thorough knowledge of the object of the excursion was doubtless confined to the few, and the youthful members, having confidence in their leader, took for granted that to purchase warlike weapons with a portion of their surplus earnings was an act entitled to praise—at least, to be above censure. Be that as it may, I have no doubt but there were many on that fatal errand who never bestowed a thought upon the purport of the expedition. It is safe to say that in cases of this kind conscience is a light ingredient. There were a few passengers on their way north who secured berths on the ill-fated ship in Chicago, thereby adding to the doomed number, among whom were Mr. Ingram, the

distinguished editor and proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, and his son. Notwithstanding the night was dark and stormy, so bent on pleasure were the youthful excursionists that the lights of the harbor had scarcely waned when dancing was resumed, and up to the fatal moment was with hilarity kept up.

When about two hours out of Chicago, and abreast of Winnetka, the mirth and music of over four hundred young people were in less time than I require to write it turned to weeping and wailing. A lumber-laden schooner, by some culpable blunder in reading the lights, ran straight into the larboard-quarter of the steamer. Oh! the horror of that crash. It was soon discovered that the damage sustained was such as to cut off all hope of saving the ship, or even of saving a soul on board. Already she was perceptibly sinking, and rapidly, by displacement of her treacherous support, forming that fearful gulf yawning to swallow up four hundred happy creatures in the morning of their lives. Comparatively happy those that with the sinking ship went down! Most of those who clung to floating fragments were doomed to perish in the angry surf. Among those who were so destroyed was Capt. Wilson. He had improvised a raft of hatches, whereon he succeeded in reaching the surf with fourteen persons clinging thereto, but such was the violence of the waves lining the shore that the raft no sooner touched the land than it went to pieces, and all on board were drowned or killed by the floating debris of the wreck.

Wilson was one of the most experienced and careful captains on these lakes. A number of warm, admiring friends survive to lament his loss. It appeared by the

hole in his forehead that he had received his death wound from being violently thrown against some floating part of the wreck.

Among the few that were saved may be mentioned the bass-drummer of the band, who, by corking up the sound-hole of his drum, improvised a buoy, on which he safely drifted ashore. For many days the bodies of the unfortunates were deposited for identification around the court house of Chicago, and during those days the influx of the bereaved from the sister city in search of their lost dear ones made the scene sufficiently heart-rending, until the sanitary safety of the city demanded a change, and ever afterward all victims found of the ill-fated steamer were deposited among the shrubbery of the old cemetery (now forming part of Lincoln Park). At length identification became impossible, which to anxious searchers was most distressing. The remains of Mr. Ingram were found, and identified by his gold watch and other personal property. They were taken to the Briggs House, and thence by countrymen, members of the St. George's Society of Illinois, to the railroad depot, on their way to his beloved Nottingham. Those of his son, I believe, were never discovered.

#### THE GREAT FIRE OF CHICAGO.

On Saturday, the 8th day of October, 1871, there had been a strong breeze blowing all day from Chicago's dangerous quarter (the northwest), when a fire broke out on Canal street, near to Van Buren street, which well-nigh bade defiance to the efforts of one of the most efficient fire departments in the world. Nor could the

firemen for one moment relax their noble efforts until the morning of the 9th, after the destruction of valuable property covering sixteen acres of the business part of the city.

To the exhausted condition of the firemen on the 9th has been mainly attributed the fierce, ungovernable hold which characterized the early features of that dreadful disaster, which claimed for its ravages through the principal streets of that splendid city a distance of four and a half miles.

For an accurate description of this calamity the reader is referred to a volume written by Mr. Goodspeed, embellished copiously and graphically by wood engravings of excellent quality.

This visitation had the effect of provoking the benevolent sympathy of the Christian world into boiling heat.

The amount of money, food and raiment poured into the hands of the relieving committees of Chicago was marvelous, and I am sorry to say that while the fire proved the ruin of many an honest, struggling family there were those who, by barefaced, unscrupulous means, realized positions to which they never could attain by legitimate effort. Having lost in the fire my inimitable Voigtlander viewing tube and all my bread-winning tools and chemicals, in the way of assistance I acknowledge the receipt of \$135 from the bounty of Scottish societies abroad; \$100 through the medium of the St. Andrew's Society of Illinois, and \$35 through the Caledonian Club.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

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“ Each year to ancient friendship adds  
A ring as to an oak, which, without the aid of any merit  
Of our own, becomes more and more precious.”

IT is painful to record the downfall of the grand old Caledonian Club of Chicago, the origin of which in 1865 may here be dated, for although we stood indebted to General Ducat for the insurance on our burnt library of two thousand dollars, this amount, added to the balance on hand, forming a handsome sum, and being just at this juncture at a loss to find suitable ground whereon to hold our annual picnic, formed the double incentive to induce the club to venture into the bewitching yet dangerous arena of real estate. Hence the collapse of one of the most healthy and promising organizations that ever blessed the efforts of the Scottish element anywhere. Alas! for the instability of human affairs. Should the reader be desirous of obtaining more information thereof I refer him to William Forrest, who is still chief, and who holds the charter and documents of the club in his possession, with a hopeful pertinacity that reflects credit to his honest, loving heart. As for myself, I bless God for the memory which enables me to live those happy days over again. While Chicago was, phoenix-like, rising in tenfold grandeur out of her own ashes, I became for the winter

of 1871-2 a book peddler, undertaking to supply the citizens of St. Louis, or such as would buy a book with a copy of Goodspeed's story of the great fire, selling to the tune of one volume per diem during the winter, clearly proving that as a book canvasser I was anything but a success. On my return to Chicago I took the route of the Illinois river, which, with a little divergence, gave me a chance of revisiting the scene of my earliest American experience in search of a home. I found the whole community in a very thriving condition; my quarter-section not only well cultivated, but yielding coal for the market. My appearance, like that of the Rip Van Winkle of Irving, had assumed in the long interim an aspect which placed it almost beyond recognition. Indeed, the unmarried daughter of the Oliver family (Annie) was the only person who could salute me by name. Staying a few days with John Turnbull, and paying a hasty visit to the neighbors around, I returned by Kewaunee and Elgin to Chicago, and recommenced viewing. On August 14, 1873, it fell to my lot, as chief of the Chicago Caledonian Club, to give a name to its beautiful grounds, which were, in the presence of a large and brilliant audience, denominated Chicago Caledonian Park, and which were intended to furnish a healthful retreat occasionally from the cares of business within the confines of a city which in magnitude was rapidly becoming metropolitan. The above park was, by the action of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, rendered nugatory. In fact, so far as pertaining to the purposes for which the purchase was made, the ground might as well have formed part of one of the islands of the sea.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

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AND now, as the journey of life progresses, I come to the year 1883. My daughter Annie, the wife of Dr. Stoddart, at this time paid us a visit from San Francisco. She warmly invited us to go back with her, over the frowning Rockies and away into the land of gold, the great Eldorado of '49. To her we have given our consent, but wait for a special invitation from the Doctor, nor had we long to wait. A letter from Archie settled the matter, the purport of which was not to come home without the old folks, thereby giving us a hearty welcome, which the experience of two years has failed to dim.

And now comes the ordeal of painful parting of real friends. (For God's sake! tell me not the world is cold and selfish.) The declining years of my four-score have been much sweetened by very kind friends. For all their generosity I am grateful. The good-by at the depot on the 15th of July, 1883, was too touching to dwell upon. Nor did it end there. Our train passing through Elgin, there we found a host of friends under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Martin and family, laden down with delicate provisions for our long journey.

Having yielded to the importunities of our two daughters to spend our golden wedding with them in the far west, we face the setting sun in all his glory.

The journey proved very pleasurable to me. My admiration arose to ecstasy by the varied grandeur of the scenery, the easy accommodation of the transit, and the marvelous advance of civil engineering which enabled it to overcome the gigantic natural obstacles that stood in its way. Which to admire the most is a problem not easy to solve. Suffice it that when we arrived at Oakland I wished the journey lengthened a few more hundred miles. We were greeted by many kind friends, who, in one of those splendid boats owned by the Central Pacific railway, carried us across that magnificent bay to San Francisco. Thence, after a refreshing meal at the house of our son-in-law, Dr. Stoddart, a lady drove me to the beach, giving me a taste of the trade-wind, which in its passage over the intervening sand dunes fills the air with an imponderable dust, to the detriment of the inhabitants, which, together with frequent fogs and the absence of rain during the summer months, renders the climate of San Francisco anything but agreeable. Still, I believe its hygienic condition will compare favorably with cities of its size.

It may be asked, "What could be found in traveling over that barren region to evoke pleasurable sensations?" My answer in all humility would be the following quotation from the poet:

"Of all the passions that possess mankind,  
The love of novelty rules most the mind.  
In search of this, from realm to realm we roam,  
Our fleets come fraught with ev'ry folly home."

The volumes of a thousand graphic writers would fail to convey the faintest idea of this marvelous wil-

derness, and therefore to appreciate this apparent waste of God's handiwork it must be seen. 'Tis said God makes nothing in vain, and who knows but in the process of scientific discovery the people of a thousand years hence may marvel at the ignorance of the present age touching this seeming anomaly, which to the impatient traveler produces a sense of monotony, while to the inquiring mind a feeling of wonder is inspired. Indeed, I already perceive through the columns of the *Chronicle* that a number of acres of this waste land in the adjoining state of Nevada have been reclaimed, on which there waves a promising crop of wheat, enough to inspire one with a lively hope for the future of millions of our race who cling to the fascinations of the city in order to escape the drudgery involved in the reduction of the soil.

Traveling across the plains and mountains in a second-class conveyance is considered by many to be somewhat irksome. My experience deprives me the privilege of sharing their gloom.

There must be something lacking in the individual who can be otherwise than pleasurably transported from sea to sea by such marvelous means, in so short a space of time, across a continent abounding at least in great variety if not in beauty to his lack-luster eye. I do admit that the pioneers crawling through that everlasting region of sage brush and alkali, drawn by lame horses and worn-out oxen, must have had their patience pretty severely taxed for tedious weeks. The same space is now traversed in as many days as required weeks previous to the Credit Mobilier. The end of such wonderful accomplishments goes a long way to

justify the means. To carry a railway over this continent by honest, plodding every-day maxims would have required more working days than a century could number. Therefore, scrupulosity had to divest itself of its starch and stoop to measures extraordinary. Personally I am grateful for an easy, pleasurable transit over a country which I had for many years desired to traverse, and when my allotted time of two years is up I hope to be able to take the southern route for Chicago, or, should the June month be too hot, I shall have no objections to retrace our steps through Nevada and Ogden, which I enjoyed so much hitherward.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

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“ Sweet are the uses of adversity; which, like the toad,  
Ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

—*Shakespeare.*

THE opinion of one who has spent but 365 days in a city, methinks, cannot be entitled to much respect when written in the spirit of criticism. I would not seek to imitate the Frenchman who, after chattering a few days with his countrymen in his café in Leicester Square, London, rushes back to his faubourg to afflict the world with a treatise on the manners and customs of England. At the same time I may be allowed to indulge in a few remarks on those peculiarities which attracted my attention. No stranger can traverse the main artery of the plan without detecting the grievous blunder of the engineer who laid out the city of San Francisco, causing a great waste of precious land and much danger to pedestrians. Perhaps it may be advanced that the topography of the site denied the adoption of right angles, but that idea will fail in the face of a careful survey. Just here it may be proper, as a set-off, in the name of the majority, to thank the generous-hearted Lotta, who in her munificence pre-

sented San Francisco, the city of her birth, with a fountain, which stands not only as a thing of expensive beauty but as a shield of protection to the humble traveler as he is jostled across the most dangerous of all the spots that disgrace one of the most beautiful thoroughfares on the continent.

Notwithstanding the above supposed defect San Francisco is a noble and beautiful city, containing numerous splendid buildings, churches, schools, theaters, and public halls without number. With a meager supply of water the fire department is superb. I noticed that while a large proportion of the dwellings are constructed of wood it is rare to have an extensive fire. Some of the streets are well paved, while others are struggling to get rid of the barbarous cobble-stone pavement, which, in the city's primitive state, the pioneers, without regard to size or fitness, were wont to use.

Here, as almost everywhere, the Scottish element thrives. The St. Andrew's Society, the Caledonian Club and the Thistle Club are working, each in its own course, yet in perfect harmony, together. In every nook of that inland sea, called the bay, there are pleasant places of public resort, which enables societies to indulge, by means of the inimitable ferry system existing, in the picnic mode of pleasure and reunion, and the reader may believe that the Scotch are anything but slow to avail themselves of the facilities. And now, our golden wedding over, our twelve months' trial of the west shore terminated, and the wife and I having a little touch of rheumatism, we resolve to try the milder climate of Oakland. Before we take the boat suppose we take a peep at



## WOODWARD'S GARDEN.

We cannot afford to pass unnoticed the favorite place of resort bearing the above title.

I am informed that this school, combining practical instruction with innocent amusement, emanates from the patriotic effort of an individual, and that that individual has passed away.

In the history of large cities we find the public frequently indebted to personal enterprise. Thus the refined taste and liberal pertinacity of Madame Tussaud have culminated in one of the lions of London. It would be hard to suppose any one sojourning in the metropolis, even for a few days, failing to visit her Baker street establishment of wonders.

In like manner is the community of St. Louis indebted to Mr. Shaw (an English gentleman) for his princely gift of his garden and museum to the city.

Milwaukee is also beholden to one of her eminent brewers (Mr. Schlitz) for the only park of which she can boast (now they have the National). The parks and boulevards of Chicago are the wonder of the world, for so young a city. They are supported by local taxation, which doubtless falls heavily on all adjacent property, while the drives are new. The incentive spirit of the gigantic scheme emanated from the late Col. Bowen, a far-seeing man, and doubtless the growing increase of the marketable value of that property has served to convince the owners of the soundness of the enterprise.

In the early days of San Francisco Mr. Woodward, the founder of his place of public resort, had kept the What Cheer Hotel for many years during the

wild frenzy of its gold-hunting mania. Prospering in business he there founded what now constitutes the basis of this wonderful place of popular amusement—his museum, which he moved to his private residence on quitting the hotel business. During the national struggle of 1861–64 the expense of sending troops to the front placed California necessarily in the rear of her quota.

But if nature placed her beyond the reach of the fighting front she forgot not her equally important duties of healing and nurturing in the rear, as her quota to the sanitary fund at the close of the war bore ample testimony. In raising the needful funds Mr. Woodward took a prominent part, and the use to which he put his private property in aid of the patriotic movement may be said to be the advent of one of the lions of this wonderful city. In April, 1884, I visited this place, and for admittance fee of twenty-five cents feasted my eyes with more sights than memory will serve to enumerate. Overlooking the museum for another day I am struck with the healthy appearance of all the specimens of zoölogy, particularly the lioness and her three cubs, the amusing variety of the monkey tribe, and the goat carriage, riding swings, and other amusements for youth in this arena, the camera obscura and the circular boat, the wonders of the aquarium and piscatorial variety and propagation, and the ingenious subterraneous methods of displaying the specimens of the aquatic school.

Now the bell rings and thousands throng to see the drama. Here the ear-splitting sounds of a thousand throats of Young America startle the stranger, and at the

same time fill him with surprise that notwithstanding the latitude given to youth the order of the theater is good. The performance is light and fair, but such a pair of acrobats I never beheld. If there was a bone left in their bodies it would be a puzzle to locate it.

We then repair to the music hall, where, in addition to good vocal and instrumental music, the outward man can be refreshed with the choicest viands and beverages, after which we take a general view of the fascinating spot in all its richest spring beauty, and on our way to the gate call on the sea lions, the monstrous alligators, and other wonders of the deep. Surcharged with the perfume of ten thousand flowers, we make our exit, and feel like treating ourselves to another visit to this municipal blessing. On the 5th of October, 1883, we spent a very pleasant day on board the Enos Soule, a fine ship at anchor in the bay, where she had lain awaiting a charter for many months (an evidence of the extraordinary depression of the period of mercantile interests). The day was fine, the light wind approaching the ship favorable, and the entertainment on board sumptuous. Mrs. Captain Laurens, the friend of my daughter, generally accompanied her husband on his voyages to distant parts of the globe.

The menu reflected credit alike on the caterer and (Wing Hi) the cook, who, with the mate and carpenter, was the only man retained on board. The carpenter (Israel Pearson) was communicative, and I took an interest in his yarns, particularly the one following of the polite attention of the redoubtable Captain Semmes, of the Alabama, of rebellious fame. "In October, 1862," said Israel, "I was carpenter on board the La Fayette,

Captain Small (brother to Mrs. Laurens). She was a fine ship, two years old, built in Freeport, Maine. We were three days out of New York harbor, laden with wheat, flour and lard, for Glasgow, when we had the misfortune to fall under the lynx eye of Semmes, whose first salutation (a shot across our bows) not being answered sufficiently prompt to please the man of power, his second shot came too near to our cut-water to be pleasant. We hove to; he boarded us, and placed our crew in the mortifying position of prisoners on board of his corsair craft to witness our good ship *La Fayette*, blessing-bound with her precious cargo, sunk before our eyes, in dire memento of our suicidal war, the natural result of unhallowed ambition."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

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From John O'Groat's to Land's End search  
I have not one rod, pole or perch,  
To pay my rent or tithes in church,  
That I can call my own.

—Hood.

OAKLAND is a delightful city, well laid out, in the county of Alameda, on the east bank of the bay, which at this point is inconveniently shallow. To meet this difficulty the Central Pacific Railroad Company was, in order to answer the demands of an immense traffic to and from the great city, put to an enormous expense, by running a solid way with a double track of steel rails out one and a half miles to deep water, the terminus sufficiently widened whereon to build an extensive depot, which is, for comfort and convenience to the traveling public, surpassed by none. In addition to the above grand facilities the same corporation, for the privilege of running their trains through one of the streets of Oakland, agreed for a term of years to run a train to and fro every half hour, with nine convenient stoppages, without any charge, much to the infinite delight of Young America, who, to the annoyance of passengers and regardless of danger, play at hide-and-seek on the train. The drives around Oakland are remarkably beautiful, and the kindness

we received at the hands of our neighbors can never be forgotten. By means of their carriages we visited every spot of interest within reach, and at great expense a neighbor of Clara's treated us to a journey to an entertainment at the Hotel Del Monte, at Monterey, which trip, together with the privilege of enjoying the rich country leading thereto, is held in grateful remembrance; also the pleasant ride among the foot-hills of Berkeley, under favor of the same family. Within a radius of ten miles this may be safely pronounced one of the most wonderful and beautiful spots on the continent of America. This eastern shore of the bay is teeming with population: Berkeley, Brighton, Oakland, Alameda, might be said to be one town, and away beyond, ascending the foot-hills where my daughter Clara dwells. Still further out among these beautiful hills, are the chalybeate springs of Piedmont, a favorite place of public resort, where there is a well-patronized hotel, reachable for ten cents from the center of Oakland by street cars. The springs trickle from the rocks at the bottom of a very deep, romantic dell, and are evidently much impregnated with metallic substances, and are said to be eminently medicinal,—in short, a perfect panacea for certain diseases. From the neighboring heights are attainable rich views of the surrounding scenery, including the bay and its islands, and Lake Merritt. Here, also, is Mountain View Cemetery, ramifying among the beautiful foot-hills, teeming with roses of such varied tints and perfection as I never beheld in the east, all sheltered under the bolder mountains in the distance whose somber majesty makes the scene so bewitchingly complete.

To the north and west of this spot, on rising ground, is the bathing ground of Alameda, where we spent a week. This is a place of great resort during the bathing season, and a number of merchants across the bay make a permanent residence here, who show great taste in their splendid gardens. As a public drive the contemplated boulevard around Lake Merritt will be the finest on the continent.

The University of California is situated among the foot-hills of Berkeley, a few miles to the north of Oakland. The buildings are plain and substantial, and the grounds are extensive and well laid out, and adorned by a mountain stream running through a romantic glen, whose banks are ornamented with rich foliage and the finest and most grotesque-shaped oaks I ever beheld. From the buildings and the elevated grounds behind you obtain the most advantageous view of the celebrated Golden Gate, the bay, with its islands and its thriving towns in every nook, teeming with a healthy population.

Within a few miles of this delightful spot is Shell Mound Park, one of those enchanting places of public resort which appear in California to be much in requisition, and of which, I must say, the supply is more than equal to the demand. Picnicing is here reduced to a science. Churches, Sabbath and secular schools, societies open and secret, professions, trades, nationalities, pioneers antique and modern, all have their clubs, and all relax their labors by the periodical picnic.

The Scotch, famed for their cordial affiliation with the inhabitants of the country of their adoption, are here emphatically at home.

In Oakland we hired the house of Mr. Smith, on Sycamore street, which was furnished, intending to remain till we departed for the east. This is a lovely spot, centering within convenient reach of the finest drives through splendid scenery such as I have never before beheld, with an endless variety of roses and geraniums and all the hardier flowering plants in full bloom, perfuming the air with their rich effulgent beauty now, while I dot it down, this Christmas morn of 1884. Would that my pen were graphic enough to do justice to the blessings by which we are here surrounded, but, like all mundane things, they are evanescent, and the hour is silently but surely approaching when the dreaded word "farewell" must be pronounced. We flatter ourselves that the parting pain is shared by dear Clara, by her family, and by her numerous Oakland friends, who have proved so kind to us.



## CHAPTER XXX.

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“A careless thing, who placed his choice in chance,  
Nursed by the legends of his land’s romance.  
Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear;  
Acquainted with all feelings, save despair.”

—*Byron.*

TEN dollars each, in addition to the usual fare (\$52.50), secured the privilege of joining the teachers of Oakland in an excursion to the east. The incidents attending this journey were of a many and varied character, partaking of tragedy, comedy and serio-comic. On reaching Sacramento a party joined the excursion consisting of a lady and her two children (Mrs. Dr. Tinckham), the eldest a beautiful girl 16 years old, the youngest a boy about 8. The train had reached but a short distance when, at Rocklin, the report of a pistol was heard from a car in the rear of us. In common with others I rushed to the melancholy scene to behold that beautiful young lady in her mother’s embrace, breathing her last. The ball had penetrated her heart, and such was the sympathetic confusion at the time that the fellow who did the shooting was suffered to escape. Opinion on the train was pretty evenly divided as to whether the tragical event was the result of accident or design. In either case, had the scoundrel been caught it would have stood hard with him.

We are slow in remedial measures to check a fearfully growing evil—the concealed-weapon curse. While we lament the tragic feature of our excursion, we must not omit the serio-comic portion thereof. On our way through the valley of Utah from Ogden to Denver, by the narrow-gauge Rio Grande railroad, the party was divided up, some desirous of seeing the lions of Salt Lake City, others anxious to proceed to Denver. The latter party we joined, and proceeded on our way to Denver. On approaching Provo City I inquired of the conductor how long we stopped there for dinner. His laconic answer was, “thirty minutes.” Having dined, I resolved to employ my time taking a photograph of the snow-capped mountain of Nebo. It seemed posed and draped ready for its picture. I had succeeded in posing the mountain and had him in focus when the train was backed, cutting off the view. I had just time to throw the plate away at the depot and behold the train growing beautifully less in the distance. Here was I, penniless, left among the Mormons, with my wife, daughter and ticket retreating from my helpless view. I seated myself on a bench and ventilated my feelings by perpetrating the following doggerel:

This smiling morn of June,  
By Utah's lovely banks,  
I find my heart in tune  
To offer up my thanks,  
That thus I'm left behind  
This paradise to view.  
The faults let others find,  
I sing of merits due.  
Fleeing from the tyrant,  
A helpless, homeless race,  
Here they found a desert,

New trials stern to face.  
Now a smiling garden  
Meets the wondering gaze,  
The traveler stands aghast  
At the marvel of the phase;  
Nor has he time to probe  
The every ways and means,  
By which the broad disparity  
Is made to lie between;  
Whereas he found a wilderness,  
A sterile, barren waste,  
Now a scene of beauty  
Adorned by arts and taste.

While thus engaged, the telegrapher, seeing me writing from his window, asked me if I was communicating with the train for my ticket. When shown the fruits of my study he seemed tickled, and asked permission to copy the lines in his journal. Being allowed he immediately became my friend. He proffered his services to row me on the lake, and in two hours handed me a note from my thoughtful Annie, inclosing my ticket and a \$5 bill, with instructions to my erring steps to take the train on the following day with the remainder of the party. Extraordinary kindness appeared to be brought into full play by my mishap. Well entertained at the hotel in Provo I took the train as directed on the following day. The ladies of the party partook of no delicacy that I must not share. On reaching the grand junction we were met by a telegram announcing the destruction of a bridge between us and Denver, and consequently had to retrace our steps to Ogden, thence by Cheyenne to Denver—a city which, for enterprise, was more like Chicago than any I had seen—which we reached two hours after our folks

had started for Omaha, where, after a separation of some four days, we met to traverse the rich fertile fields of Iowa and Illinois together to the live city of Chicago, where we were in two weeks after our arrival visited by our benefactor, Dr. Stoddart, who, in his munificence, purchased a splendid new brick house for us, wherein to dwell and end our days when the time comes for us to go; and now this juncture suggests itself to me as a fitting time to close this desultory record. Notwithstanding its being a pledge redeemed, I go to press with fear and trembling. I have endeavored, by interspersing such historical matter as came from time to time under my notice, to tone down that crude personality which a volume of this nature is apt to assume, rather than make any attempt to embellish. I ask my circle of friends to be tender in their criticism. Beyond that circle I have not the presumption to look.

On politics in these memoirs I have been somewhat reticent. However, I think due to my democratic friends (and they are numerous as they are respected) some reasons for my clinging so pertinaciously to the opposite party. Those friends will doubtless agree with me in the assertion that hatred of slavery is natural to a Scottish man. This feeling of hatred had the effect of drawing me into the ranks of the anti-slavery society in London. After residing in that city twenty-seven years I became a citizen of this great republic, and for ten years voted in Wisconsin by virtue of my first papers. It so happened that, landing in this country in 1848, I found the agitations of the factions pretty high. The slave-power, squirming

under trammels of former compromises, was assuming a bolder front, threatening the stultification of Mason and Dixon's line and the measures employed in the introduction of Missouri into the Union in 1821. To counteract those influences a new platform was formed at Buffalo, under the auspices of Mr. Van Buren, called the "free-soil platform." Could there be any marvel that I should become attached to that party whose proclivities were so much in unison with my past life? This party ripened into what is now called the Republican party. With its laudable endeavors I have drifted, and at this late day regret it not, although I think the nation has profited by our defeat at the last presidential election. All honor to the present incumbent! May his noble efforts to purify this grand republic from all evils which the bias of party spirit inevitably engenders be crowned with success, is the sincere wish of the subscriber,

D. J.

